A WESTERN TOUR

BY

HENRY HEALD

Presented to

(6) Dr. George Henry Heald,

of (5) Thomas Tobin, of George, (4) of Samuel (3) of Jacob, (2)
of (1) Samuel & Mary Bancroft Heald - Immigrants 1703

By his 4th cousin,

(6) Dr. Pusey Heald, Wilmington, Del.

Of Jacob, (5) of Joseph, (4) of Jacob, (3) of Jacob, (2)
of Samuel & Mary Bancroft Heald. (1)

As a token of his appreciation of the highly valued assistance given by G. H. H. to P. H. in compiling the records of George Heald's descendants in California. For "The Heald Family Listing" — descendants of Samuel and Mary Bancroft Heald — as well as of cousinly regard and esteem.

10 mo. 13. 1913

Mem.

This Vol, printed on hand made paper, the product of Henry Heald - thy Great Uncle - descriptive in part of a journey in "Dearborns" in 1819, by himself, my Father - Jacob Heald and Jasper Dixon, from Wilmington, Del. Westward to Illinois — was preserved by my Father and presented to me, together with another copy, which I have had bound at same time with this one and hold as a priceless treasure and relic.

Pusey Heald.

BOUND BY
R. T. STUART
615 Shipley St.
10 mo. 1913
Wilmington Del.

☆ The Book - not the Paper. —

Mem. No. 2

During the Journey herein described by Henry Heald, (who, as well as his brother Harmon Gregg Heald, had been my father – Jacob Heald's teacher at Hockessin, New Castle Co., Del.) they visited John & Wm Heald in Columbiana Co., Ohio. These were 2d cousins of Henry Heald and 2d cousins, once removed of my Father, Jacob Heald. They were sons of Nathan son of William (& Elizabeth Potts Heald), son of Samuel & Mary. [Why this visit is not referred to in these "Letters", I do not know: My Father – J.H. – told me of said visit, and a son of Wm told me in a letter 30 years ago, that he distinctly remembered that visit, made in his boyhood days.]

One of the objects of this Journey was to get Government Surveying in Ohio, but on their arrival it had all been given out to others.

My Father informed me that they saw such great flocks of wild pigeons that they cast a shadow in passing over them: that at night their numbers were so great that they broke down large limbs of the forest trees where they roosted.

Mem. 3. It was at the suggestion and advice of the bookbinder that the leaves were left uncut as the little vol. was originally printed.

Mem. 4. The Mem. which I had the Binder back and line in the back of this copy, I believe they will highly value for the signature and writing of they Great Uncle Henry Heald. The "O.P." I take it to stand for "Officer of the Poor" – he being at that time in charge of the New Castle Co. Poor House (Del) E.H.

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A WESTERN TOUR,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

Written during a Journey through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and into the States of Illinois and Kentucky:—giving an account of the soil, face of the country, antiquities and natural curiosities &c.

LETTER I.

M'Connelstown, May 20, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

Agreeably to promise, I now borrow an hour of my sleeping time, to inform you of such events and circumstances as may be most interesting; at least such as my recollection will furnish me with.

As you are acquainted with the country through which we have passed, as far as Columbia—I shall commence my tour at that place; leaving you to connect what you personally know, to what you are to know by proxy.

In crossing the Susquehanna Bridge, it gives one the idea of a funeral procession: the bridge is said to be above a mile in length, and is roofed over from one end to the other; openings are left on each side close under the eaves, that admit but a gloomy light—which, together with the slow pace of the traveller (being that of a walk) and the hollow rumbling sound made by the horses feet and the carriages over the wooden floor, will raise in the mind of the passenger the idea of an "entrance into the shades below."

The land in York county adjacent to the road, is very similar in appearance and quality to that in Lancaster county; though immediately in the neighborhood of York Town, the valley through which the road passes becomes wider and leveler: the number and beauty of the farms that attract the eye at this place, would make it a desirable seat for a rural poet.

York Town is about two miles in length from one extreme end to the other, in the direction of the road: it is the seat of justice for the county. A short time after passing through the town, we got the first view of the South mountain a little off to our right, appearing like a dark blue streak, resting on the distant horizon. The ridges of woodland that bound the valley on either side, from the Susquehanna to beyond Gettysburg, appear to be ranges of hills, parallel to the mountain, and every way similar excepting in size. As we approach the mountain it appears to diminish in size, until arriving at the break through which the road passes, it dwindles into large hills; and we pass through it, before we are certain of arriving at it, though the distance across is seven miles.

Between South and Cove mountains is an extensive fertile valley, near the middle of which is Chambersburg, the seat of justice for Franklin county. In passing through this valley we leave the southern extremity of North mountain to our right; and at Loudonstown we commence ascending the steep and rugged Cove mountain, at an average elevation of from 4 1-2 to 5 degrees. In the ascent, the road winds round an eastern projection in such a manner, that by the time you

arrive at the top, a careless traveller will forget the general direction of the road; so it was with us—for, arriving near the lofty summit, and off to our left hand, a beautiful, but apparently barren valley opened to our view, which we conjectured not to exceed three miles in width. My companions and I viewed with astonishment the miserable abodes of the inhabitants beneath, whose huts appeared like stumps, or whitish spots on a dark green ground—and wondered by what means, or where they gained their subsistence: but (calling at a grog-shop close at hand, for a Virginian tickler of whiskey and water to quench our thirst,) our astonishment was doubled on being informed that this was the valley from which we had just ascended—the valley through which we had been travelling all the day, a distance of at least 24 miles: the spots which we took for huts, were some of them large and commodious farm houses—and the barren looking garden spots (as we had supposed,) were large and elegant farms. A little recollection brought the valley to appear in its proper direction; but how it could happen that the laws of Perspective should so entirely vanish from the mind, is a circumstance not so easily accounted for: we could neither judge of size, by distance—nor of distance, by size. All appeared equally dim and equally distant, like a Chinese landscape.

One hundred yards farther on, brought us in sight of M'Connelstown; here the deception was equally great, but the picture was smaller and handsomer—the nearest object in the valley we had passed, being more remote than the farthest in that now before us: what added to the decep-

tion, was the situation of the sun, it being directly across the valley and not more than twenty degrees above the horizon, threw all the landscape into the shade, so that houses could not easily be distinguished from trees; and M'Connelstown was actually taken by us all, for a peach orchard that surrounded and partly hid the delightful seat of some tasty gentleman: nor were we undeceived till traveling down the side of the mountain, first N W by N, then S W by S, in each direction nearly one mile and a half brought us within a quarter of a mile of the town, directly in the direction of our supposed peach orchard.

M'Connelstown lies in a valley two miles wide, between Cove mountain and Scrubby Ridge.

Farewell.

LETTER II.

Pittsburg, May 26, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

I forgot to inform you in my last letter that we were overtaken near Chambersburgh by two men from the state of New York, in another Dearborn; one of them is a young Doctor just graduated, the other an elderly farmer; both going into the Illinois to establish themselves in their different professions. On the 22d we overtook three footmen with their knapsacks on their backs, (a farmer, mechanic and butcher;) the former were our constant companions, the latter occasionally as they could keep up or overtake us: indeed there were scarcely three hours together, in which we did not pass by, or were passed by companies of pilgrims with their bud-

gets on their backs, traveling to the land of promise, like Bunyan's pilgrims to "the heavenly Jerusalem:"—sometimes indeed we would meet companies returning, like faint heart, or weary-o-the-world—who would endeavor to discourage those who were "pressing forward" by representing it (to use their own expressions) as "the *damn'd-est country on the face of the earth.*"

Our two Dearborns give us a tolerably respectable appearance; for, as we are neither Pedlars nor movers, we are taken for Yankey Gentlemen, *traveling* in t is MANNER for *pass-time* and CHEAPNESS; and though these are not the only objects of our pilgrimage, we find them both united with our business Another thing gives us a more imposing appearance wherever we stop; we have each of us titles, and though some of us neither assumed nor deserved them, yet, as there was nobody to acquaint us with each other, and being too polite to ask the other's names before we had received our titles, we pass for Doctors, Squires, Colonels &c. For my part I am the Colonel; whether there is any thing in my physiognomy or gesture that gives me a military appearance, I know not—but our polite landlords hardly ever fail (on presenting our bills) to address us by our titles.

It is an easy thing for strangers to address each other by the title of squire or colonel, without having any thing rough or impolite in it; and, as it is necessary (in addressing a stranger) to gain his attention by a *name*, or a *title*, we chose the *latter*—and though we have discovered our proper names, we still retain our colonel-ship, squire-ship &c.

My attention has been so entirely engrossed by my companions and the crowds of travelers we are continually falling in with at every stage, that I can no more describe the country between M'Connelstown and Pittsburg (excepting the last 16 miles) than if I had been sleeping half the time—however, as it will lessen the postage by shortening the letter, I shall expect to be excused, particularly when you find that without a description of this uninteresting portion of Pennsylvania, I shall find matter enough, in my way of expressing it, to fill two sheets of paper.

Amongst the emigrants we overtook on the 23d were an English family of the name of North:—what makes this family more interesting than any of the others we fell in with, are the circumstances in which we found them "pressing forward to the Western world." The family consisted of John, apparently about 25 years old, his wife, not exceeding 22, and a child about 18 months. When we overtook them the wife was nearly exhausted with fatigue, and her tender feet so sore that she could not bear her weight on them without leaning on her husband's shoulder; they were galled on the hard turnpike till the blood ran out of her shoes! the husband carried their little *all* in a knapsack on his back, on the top of which was placed the infant, with its face exposed to the scorching rays of the afternoon sun, till all the skin had pealed off and its lips two stiffened scabs! Such was their condition when we found them, and such it had been for several days—yet waggon after waggon had passed them by, without their entreaties or condition exciting any other emotion than that of disgust! Though I despise

from the bottom of my heart, the Priest and the Levite who could pass by on the other side and leave the man to perish—yet, with confusion I have to confess that I acted the part of a *Sickemite* Samaritan; withholding from pouring the oil and the wine, I scattered a few drops only into his wound. However, I mustered up compassion enough to take the woman and child into the waggon, from whom I learned their little history.

The parents of both were very poor; his were unable to put him to a trade, but kept him hired out till he came of age—from which time he had determined to come to America as soon as he could gather as much money as would pay his passage:—that, though the times were very distressing to poor people, and many laborers out of employ, yet the love they bore each other put every other consideration out of their minds, and they agreed to unite their fortunes together and come to this country if they should ever be able. The husband being counted a very good worker and working for low wages, always got employment, though sometimes several miles from home: that they had never slept asunder since they were married, her husband always coming home at night and returning to his work in the morning, frequently at the distance of 5 or 6 miles.

Last March, hearing that a ship was to sail from Liverpool for Philadelphia, her husband gathered in his little debts and sold for cash what property they could not carry with them; the remainder they put into a knapsack and traveled on foot 160 miles to Liverpool—her husband carrying the knapsack which weighed 3 stone and the

child 2 stone more, the whole of the way on his back. She thought she suffered terribly on the road in England, but it was nothing to what she suffered in America. They expected to get in a waggon at Philadelphia and travel that way to Pittsburgh, but after paying for their passage at sea they had but a few shillings left, and the waggoners asked six dollars to carry her and her child: they then concluded to travel on into Chester county and work till they were able to pay their passage in a waggon—but they were wofully disappointed, for after the first days travel John called at nearly every farmer's house on the road, in Chester county, Lancaster county and York county, to get employment, but could get *none*, though he offered to work for 12 1-2 cents a day: she said she found a great many kind people on the road in England, but *very few* in this country. (I felt, from her manner of expressing herself, that her mind prompted her to say *none;* but to give *me* a compliment which I deserved not, she said what she did, giving me to understand that I included nearly the whole of that *very few.*) Hard hearted people (thought I to myself) if I am the kindest—these poor travelers became voluntary exiles in a land of strangers, from the attracting reports of its being a hospitable country, where the industrious poor could never suffer:—You begged, not for money, but for work to earn it, and could get none—you were spurned from the door of the wealthy farmer because your garments were coarse and dusty, and the cries of your child might disturb the family:—but you were inured to hardships at home—you labored hard for scanty wages, depriving yourselves not

only of the comforts but many of the necessaries of life, to enable you to come to this hospitable country—and such has been your reception!

I find that I must beg pardon for taking up so much of the letter with this poor family's narrative, but I declare that I felt myself so much interested in their behalf, that I would have walked every step of the remaining distance rather than let the woman's worn out feet have pressed the turnpike any more.

The husband was a good looking man, but had little to say; the wife was handsome and intelligent:—here I found an instance where an engaging person may be entirely concealed by coarse dirty clothes; and no doubt but many a distressing object deserving of charity is left to suffer, because the outward appearance is better calculated to excite disgust than pity.

The doctor and I procured a passage for the woman, child and knapsack in a Pittsburg waggon next morning, and bidding them adieu have not seen or heard from them since.

On the morning of the 25th we fed at the sign of the Spread Eagle, 16 miles east of this place, where we were informed that by leaving the turnpike a few rods further on, and go on the old river road, we would pass over the ground where general Braddock was defeated: six out of the eight of which our company was composed immediately volunteered to be of the party to go that way; the remaining two went on with the Dearborns to Jacksonville where we were to join them. Two hours traveling brought us on to this celebrated spot. It is a handsome valley, situated on the right bank of the Monongahela,

about 8 miles above Pittsburgh. The ground on which the battle was fought has been cultivated for a number of years: there is now a crop of oats growing that in many places has the appearance of being manured with human bones: in some places they are laying thinly scattered, in others collected into heaps, which the ploughs and harrows have leveled. From one of the heaps the doctor selected as many as made one half of a skeleton from head to foot, from which each of us selected a couple to carry with us. I felt considerable hesitancy in securing my two: I reflected on what would have been my feelings had I been one of those who had fallen in that inglorious defeat, and could have foreseen that my bones should have been left exposed to the weather for 64 years, should be tossed and scattered about by the plough, without exciting in the breast of the ploughman any other sensation than would have been excited by *any* rubbish that should happen in his way; and at last, some idle travelers should carry off pieces of the scull or other bones, to amuse themselves by the horror they might occasion on some squeamish old woman;—but I got over my scruples and am determined to carry them home, if it should be only to prompt me to read more attentively than ever the account of that disastrous defeat, and to have the pleasure of weeping over the *bones* of some unknown brave man who fell on that day.

At about 300 yards below the battle ground the owner of the farm has erected a stately brick building, nearly fronting the field. Having a costly *tomb* for his *living carcase*, made it a matter of astonishment to us how he could refuse

sepulture to these remnants of the dead scattered over his field, nearly under his door.

After pointing out the situation of the combatants on both sides, to my companions, where Braddock's men crossed the river and entered the woods thoughtless of danger, where the French and Indians were concealed behind the trees waiting the approach of their certain prey; and pointing to our heap of bones as the very spot where captain Peronney's men had fallen, defending him from the Indian's scalping knife, we left the place with as much satisfaction and with the same feelings of regret for the consequences of headstrong and arrogant blunders, as if some one who had seen the whole had described it to us.

We arrived here about an hour before sunset and finished the day in viewing this city. The first impression on coming in sight of the town was rather disagreeable; a dark cloud of coal dust hovering over it, the blackness of the buildings, and on a near approach, the smell of the stone coal made our entrance very unpleasant.

The town stands on a bottom, said to be 50 ft. above low water mark. The streets are irregular, appearing to a stranger as if neither taste nor convenience were consulted in laying them out. The city with its suburbs is said to contain about 1300 houses and upwards of 15,000 inhabitants. There are a number of manufacturing establishments here, the most noted of which are the glass factories, nail factory and the steam mill for manufacturing flour, besides a number of others of considerable note. Every house has the appearance of being the seat of industry, and some of the inhabitants emphatically call the town the

"work shop and ware house for the western country." Indeed, I saw but one house that appeared to be the residence of inactive wealth, and but one vehicle of pleasure. The beach of the Monongahela from its junction with the Allegany to the distance of nearly half a mile is lined with boats, the greater part of which are occupied with emigrants preparing to descend the Ohio. The doctor and squire have engaged a passage in one of these boats (24 feet long by about 11 in width) to Louisville, in which will be crowded, 2 families with their beds, bedding and other furniture, 1 two horse waggon, 1 Dearborn, 4 horses, and 4 men without familes. The prices for passage in this boat are $5 a horse and $2.50 a man; the passengers to find their own provision. The price of one of these boats is 75 cents for each foot in length.

Farewell.

LETTER III.

Harmony, Penn. May 28, 1819

DEAR BROTHER,

We arrived here late last evening, after an unpleasant days traveling of only 25 miles. I have discovered that my mind generally partakes of the nature of the country through which we pass; whether it contracts it by sympathy or by contagion I cannot yet determine—but so it is—and if you get any thing better than a rough, barren letter this time, you may attribute it to a good supper and a good nights rest.

We parted from the doctor and squire at Pittsburgh, and though we had but six days acquaint-

ance it was like brothers bidding a last adieu—so closely does a similarity of pursuits unite us in a strange country, where interest does not interfere.

The town of Harmony stands on a bottom containing several hundred acres of excellent bottom land;—the Conaquanessing (a large sluggish creek) runs through this bottom, on the banks of which stands this famous town of Harmony, containing by conjecture 150 buildings, three fourths of which are at present unoccupied. The buildings that attract the attention of the traveler are a large brick tavern, granary, seminary for the education of females, and the log dwellings *thatched with straw.* Though the Harmonites profess to have a *comm*-union of faith and property, their dwellings indicate a *dis*-union of rank and comfort. My two companions and I have just returned from viewing their vineyard; it is situated on the south side of a ridge 100 feet high, that in shape somewhat resembles a grave, on the vertex of which is erected a two story octagonal frame summer house. The ascent to this aerial building is by a stone stair case of about 120 steps, 11 inches rise and the same in tread. At the top of the stairs and under the building a cell is scooped out of a flaky rock—but whether it was designed for a cardinal's cell or a cell for malefactor's, or whether there was any other design than what childish fancy would dictate, we could not divine. After etching the initials of our names on the sides of the cell, we ascended into the summer house, from the upper story of which there is a handsome view of the town and lands attached to it.

The vineyard is divided off into beds of different dimensions, wider or narrower as the ground was flatter or steeper: opposite to the summer house the beds are formed by perpendicular walls 4 feet high and a surface of soil about the same in width, rising one above another like steps.

In viewing this ground from a window which it fronted, I was drawn into reflections on the effects of religious bigotry on the minds of weak and ignorant people:—here must have been the labor of fifty people at least, for one summer season, in the formation of these beds—the men employed in quarrying the stone from the side of the hill and building the walls; the women in carrying soil from the bottom of the creek (which passes close by) and filling up the beds. The whole produce of their labor from first to last amounted to a *few* barrels of wine. I was told previous to my coming here that their prophet, the Rev'd. George Rapp, once gave the men an injunction not to cohabit with their wives for three years, under the penalty of divine displeasure for disobedience, and that there was but one solitary infraction. But the most profound piece of childish folly amongst these religious *Babies* is their Labyrinth: it is an enclosure of about a half or or three fourths of an acre of ground, a short distance from the road and outside of the town. In this they have a crooked winding pathway, formed by planting trees and shrubbery in such a manner that people unacquainted with it find it difficult either to enter or return without a guide. This puzzle garden has afforded ample diversion for these *grown up children!*

The Harmonites moved en-masse from this

place a few years ago and have established themselves in another Harmony-town, on the east bank of the Wabash river, some 80 miles below Shaker Town, another nursery of religious children, differing from the former more in the distance between them, than in the play things they might quarrel about.

Farewell.

LETTER IV.

Cadiz, Ohio, June 3, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

Since leaving the town of Harmony I have invented an *untangible* machine, which for "distinction sake" may be called a Landometer. The graduated scale is divided into five equal portions or degrees, within which all the different qualities of soil, from the richest to the poorest will range: the richest soil will rise to 5 and the poorest sink to 0. I wish you to keep in mind the principles of my machine, for I find upon trial that it answers beyond my expectation; and by refering to my register I can easily inform you to what degree the soil had risen in any part through which we have passed—and by a comparison with what it may be at home when we arrive there, can probably determine to any *degree* of exactness whether it would be to our advantage to be stationary or migratory. However, I found before I arrived here, that another instrument was wanting to complete my apparatus, as some people might wish to know something respecting the face of the country—and to tell them that it was hilly would be no more than to tell

them that some parts were *higher* than others, without their being able to imagine within some hundreds of feet how *much* higher—for I find within the meaning of the word Hill, that there are Hills, from a mole hill no bigger than my foot, up to Sideling Hill, little inferior to the Allegany. I am this moment busily engaged in making an instrument to obviate this difficulty, but for want of corroborating experiments to determine the number of degrees between a mole hill and a mountain, the graduated scale will not be so correct as my Landometer: we must therefore take the result of my observations as an approximation only, yet sufficiently near the truth for any practical purpose. The Scale will be divided into 12 degrees, as follows—Allegany 12, Sideling Hill 11, Rhea's Hill 10, Laurel Hill 9, &c. down to 0.

Having finished my Hilloscope and applied it to the very hill this town stands on, I find it to range between 5 and 6, which would average at least one degree more than the hills on Brandywine; and yet, on the top of this hill is the thriving and very healthy looking county town of Cadiz. From the time we left New Lisbon yesterday morning, until we arrived here this evening, we passed more hills than you can read in this letter, and some of them even larger than Cadiz hill.

I shall here insert a table of the quality of the soil, and face of the country from Big Beaver to Cadiz—remarking, that under the article Hilloscope the items are altogether from memory—but sufficiently exact to form a tolerably correct idea of the face of the country, as far as could be

seen from the road.

PLACE.	LAND.	HILL.	REMARKS.
Big Beaver	1 to 2	5 to 6	On the hills near the river, land very thin.
Greensburg	2 to 3	4 to 5	
Pa. O. Line	3	3 to 4	
Fairfield	3 to 4	1 to 2	Land rolling, heavy timber; poplar, oak, sugar maple &c. of large growth.
New Lisbon	3 to 4	2 to 4	On the south side of Little Beaver, steep hills.
Salt Works	1 to 3	5 to 7	Hills very steep and high on each side of the road.
Somerset	2 to 3	3 to 5	
Knoxville	2 to 3	3 to 4	From Knoxville to Richmond the land covered with heavy timber, principally sugar maple.
Richmond	3 to 4	3 to 5	
Cadiz	2 to 4	5 to 6	

On the road from Pittsburg to Harmony we passed by a large body of land supposed to contain 4 or 5 thousand acres called Cranberry Plains, that would range about 1 degree on each instrument.

Dear brother, I beg of you to consider the matter contained in this letter to be as correct as if it had been written in the most dry and elaborate style:—nothing in the world induced me to adopt the style I have used but want of *interesting* matter—and upon trial I find that it answers a valuable purpose—for to describe a country

(the face and soil) makes a dry subject, and to make it sufficiently intelligent would make it lengthy; but by this little *device* the whole face of a country for a considerable extent can be brought into one view (like a map) without fatiguing the mind or memory.

With this apology, I bid you

Farewell.

LETTER V.

Chilicothe, June 12, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

When I wrote to you from Cadiz I was at a prodigious loss for want of matter; I find myself now equally so with the variety of matter—each subject, like an Irish candidate, pushing itself into notice as the most eligible. But to begin—

From Cadiz on to within a few miles of New Lancaster, the country is very similar in soil and surface to what it is from Fairfield to Cadiz, with this difference; after crossing the Muskingum river at Zanesville, the hills lessen in number and level ground increases in quantity. The crops of wheat and rye were excellent; white clover, timothy, green and blue grasses are natural to the soil and grow luxuriantly on all places that have not been recently ploughed: the average crops of wheat must be 25 to 30 bushels to the acre.—Limestone and stone coal are abundant all over this country; both of which will be esteemed as a blessing at some future day—though the former is considered as an incumbrance at present: the limestone east of the Muskingum is entirely unfit for building—but on this side, in the beds of

some creeks we have passed, nature has formed it into straight sided slabs from ten to twenty ft. in length and breadth and from six to ten inches thick, that would answer well for either the hammer or chisel. On all the elder farms we have passed in the hilly country there is evidently a decline in the quality of the soil, proportionate to the time it has been cultivated; and farming will always be as laborious here as in our "old settled, poor country;" for by the time they are done with "log rolling" they will have to begin with manuring.

From Zanesville to Lancaster there is a gradual increase of level land, some spots of which would range in quality of soil as high as 4 1-2, and from Lancaster to Chilicothe (the Knobs excepted) the face of the country may be denominated "rolling" or undulating, and the soil from 3 to 5; but of all the land I have ever seen, the Pickaway plains exceed in levelness and fertility.

In all the road from Pittsburg to this place, I have seen but few things to attract the attention of the curious. An Amateur in painting would frequently have his cheeks wrinkled at the state of this branch of the fine arts: though he might applaud the choice of the Innkeeper in having his tavern designated by the name of some of our worthies in battle, yet he must blush for the painter. One sign in particular drew my attention; it was the sign of Gen. Jackson on horse back. The painter no doubt took a full sized cocked hat for the corresponding out lines on the sign, and four such hats would have filled it: to get the figure in full he was consequently obliged to diminish both man and horse to such a size

that it has some little resemblance to a soldier on horseback, carrying his tent on his head. The moment I saw it the thought struck me, that if the legislature had not prohibited the Yankies from pedling in this state, some ingenious one would have taken the hint from this sign, and ere now we should have had a patented portable something, under which a traveler and his horse would be as completely sheltered from rain and sun as he would be under cover of a house, without detaining him one moment on the road.

In the neighborhood of New Lancaster there are a number of very elevated piles of earth and rocks that give the country about there a very curious and romantic appearance. The land may be denominated level or rolling, on which abrupt precipices with nearly perpendicular fronts of rock are raised, some of which are nearly 500 ft. in perpendicular height. These knobs (as they are called) are interspersed in a promiscuous manner over a considerable space of country—but their general direction is from N. E. to S. W. In coming into the town we pass the first of these knobs at the distance of half a mile to our right, having its perpendicular front in profile, facing towards the S. W. This knob is called Mount Pleasant, from the beautiful prospect there is from its top, and from its being more conspicuous than the others, being as it were insulated from them and rising out of the most level part of the country.

At Circleville, in Pickaway county, we were gratified with a view of the first Indian Fort that we had met with on our route. Part of the fort is an enclosure by two concentric circular banks

seventeen feet asunder, which are found by measurement to be true circles. The banks were formed of the earth from a ditch between them, from the bottom of which to the top of the banks is fifteen feet perpendicular height. This circular area is said to contain above ten acres. On the east side of the circle was a gate way or opening into a square enclosure, each side of which is nearly equal in length to the diameter of the circle, and all the corners right angles. At the middle of each straight side and at each corner is an opening or gate way. The whole area of the square and circle must be between twenty and twenty five acres. On the south west side of the circle is a Mound of earth, on the point of a natural elevation: the top of the Mound must be nearly forty feet above the level area of the circle.

To convey a better idea of this aboriginal mathematical fortification, I herewith send a draft, which is as correct as I can give from a hasty inspection and information, and which my inmates here tell me is very accurately done. The letters on the figure are the initials of the corresponding cardinal points of the compass.

The town of Circleville is placed in this singular area, with an octagonal court house precisely in its centre, from the eight sides of which as many streets diverge in regular radii. Upon my admiring (to the landlord in that place) the singularity of the site, he informed me that at the time of fixing upon a place for the county seat,

× Circular

two neighboring villages with equal pretensions, were contending with considerable warmth their respective claims as being the most central and advantageously situated—but upon commissioners being appointed to settle the dispute between them, who finding each party determined to have their village in the centre of the county, fixed upon this spot with an intention of satisfying both parties.

Having, with a good deal of labor, brought you on to Circleville and taken a short sketch of the place, we will proceed on to Chilicothe—on the road to which place we will pass through the Pickaway plains. These plains are said to be 7 miles long and three and a half broad—the greater part of which are under cultivation. In consequence of the ground being so level and but little timber growing on it, it was the last in the neighborhood that was taken up—but upon trial it is found to be the first in quality of soil in the State, and perhaps in the United States. The wheat that is growing on it must undoubtedly yield above forty bushels to the acre. A number of copses of plumb and other thick woods are promiscuously interspersed over the plains, which give them a most beautiful appearance, and would almost realize in the mind of a connoisseur in Grecian poetry the actual residence of Napeaean Nymphs.

Chilicothe is the seat of justice for Ross county and was formerly that of legislation for the state. It is situated on a plain adjoining to and on the western side of the Sciota river, 35 or 40 feet above low water mark. Back of the town and near the upper end is an abrupt elevation of

considerable extent, which is said to be 300 feet perpendicular height above the bed of the river, from the top of which there is a delightful view of the town and the extensive plain on which it stands. It is a handsome town, containing 500 houses and between three and four thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by a number of elegant farms.

I was informed by a person since I came here, that a few years ago he assisted in digging down a large mound near the middle of where the town now stands, and when they came to near the bottom they found a large human skeleton with ivory beads round the neck, some of which appeared to be as sound as they could have been the day they were deposited there. My informant told me that the thigh bone of the skeleton reached from the joint of his thigh to near the calf of his leg—and from a calculation by a person present at the time, the subject must have been at least seven feet high.

As I shall be here three days more, it is probable in that time I shall find matter for another letter before I leave this.

Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Chilicothe, June 15, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

Since I wrote to you before, from this place, I have had several little jaunts round the neighboring country, one of which was to the top of the bank (if it may be so termed) back of the town:—from here the prospect is really

charming in every direction. In tracing (with my eye) the surrounding country, on which (including the town) six thousand inhabitants were actively employed and gained a subsistence truly comfortable, I was naturally led to draw a comparison between what this beautiful and fertile space *now* presented and what it was *thousands of years* ago, when it was inhabited by a semi-civilized warlike race, traces of whose existence are numerously scattered over all this country, and which are the only memorials we have of their ever having existed. But retrospectively filling up the intermediate space of time in which the unhallowed exterminating savage preceded the present race, and who succeeded those, whose monuments we conjecture to have been places of defence, the *inquiry* naturally arose in my mind, WILL THE PRESENT RACE of civilized inhabitants ever be *exterminated* and *succeeded* by any other set of unhallowed Barbarians? Alas! the number and condition of a part of our population does but too well assure me that it is among the possible events—for history has recorded revolutions equally *terrible* and equally improbable.

The citizens of this state are divided on the subject of a "call for a Convention." The hardness of the times is made use of by the champions for the call, as an argument for its immediate adoption—and as the only means of bringing speedy relief, by making wholesome regulations in the judiciary department—complaining of its tardiness in the legal collection of debts The opposite party charge the advocates for the call, with the design of altering the Constitution so as to admit of *Slavery* in the state—which the others

confidently deny. Such is the state of the newspaper dispute. But, that such a design *is* entertained by *some*, for such an alteration in the Constitution, I know to be a fact, from the arguments I have heard in some social circles. One man in particular, and one of no mean talents, observed that unless Slavery was admitted into the new states they would be settled by none but poor people; that enterprising people of wealth and strength would find no inducement to come here, and the country must languish for want of proper hands to clear and cultivate it—and for his part and some of his friends, if such an alteration did not take place, they would sell out here and return to Virginia.

I beg pardon, dear brother, for swelling this letter with a subject which is so foreign from what you expect me to write, but I declare that it occupies so much of my mind, that unless I get shut of it, nothing else can enter so as to be communicated to you.

A few evenings before I started to the state of Georgia, I called in with a friend of mine (a Preacher in the Society of Friends) to spend the evening with him. After a long discourse on various subjects, and receiving some excellent advice from him, I got up to retire, when he took me by the hand, and with a look expressive of solicitation, he expressed himself in the following impressive words—words that have a thousand times since intruded themselves on my mind, though I thought but lightly of them at the moment:—"My Friend, I wish thee to *ponder well* before thou makest thyself a permanent residence in that country:—REMEMBER, THERE IS A TER-

RIBLE DAY OF RECKONING APPROACHING, BETWEEN THE SLAVE AND HIS MASTER!" On hearing the admission of slavery into these yet spotless countries, so strongly advocated, my friend's expostulation came into my mind with renewed force.

Whilst "this broadest, foulest blot" is confined within its present limits, there is *hopes* of *avoiding* this "terrible day of reckoning;" there is at least a certainty that the guilty states alone will pay the debt: but admit it north west of the Ohio river and west of the Mississippi—the TIME WILL COME *when this "terrible day of reckoning"* will be discharged with heavy interest; when the inhabitants of all these states will perish, with all their boasted codes of equal rights and equal protection; and this vaunted asylum for the oppressed of other nations, will again be inhabited by none but ignorant savages, perhaps more cruel than those who preceded us.

What must posterity think of us enlightened Americans! What inconsistencies will they have to admire, not only in some of our charitable christianizing private associations, under the imposing appellations of Bible, and Missionary Societies, but even in the collective wisdom of the union, "in Congress assembled! They will read with astonishment, that thousands of Christians have associated together, and tens of thousands of Dollars have been expended, for the propagation of the gospel (of peace and *good will to all*) in *Africa* and *Asia*—and not an exertion made, not a cent expended, for the amelioration of *one million, four hundred thousand* of their fellow creatures who are held in the most degrading situation

in our own country! Can they be brought to believe it, that an honorable zeal prompted these societies to send missionaries across the ocean, to distant countries, for the purpose of teaching those children of nature to read the Bible—whilst their southern brethren, by acts of their legislature, prohibit by fines and penalties, the teaching of our slave population their A B C? How contradictory will it appear hereafter, that Americans of this day, with a general approbation, have gone to Africa and Asia to teach the natives of those countries to assemble together in a church militant, whilst other Americans, at the same time, without one word of disapprobation, have enacted laws to prohibit the assembling together (*for any purpose whatever*) a greater number of our black natives than seven, without a white man with them, under the penalty of severe chastisement by stripes. But how much harder of belief will it be, to succeeding generations, that representatives to congress, from the slave holding states, in 1817-18, viewing this "terrible day of reckoning" as coming too near their own doors, were busily engaged in devising ways and means for the gradual abolition of slavery *throughout the union*, and looking round for some distant country to send the blacks to as they should become free, far removed from the possibility of their merited revenge—and that the representatives from these same states, in the next succeeding year, should challenge those who opposed the *farther extension* of slavery to beyond the Mississippi, with "kindling a flame which all the waters of the ocean could not quench, and which nothing could extinguish but oceans of human blood."

Should this letter ever come before the public, I am well aware that I shall be charged with faning this flame; but let them who utter the charge, remember, that those, and those only, who put the shackles on the Negro, are they who put fire to the combustible. Silence may keep it smothered for a while in the breast of the slave, but never can extinguish it—and unless it is judiciously faned into a flame, sufficiently glaring to show the master the danger which he is blindly approaching, it will in time gather such strength, and with such concentrated heat, that it will burst like a volcanic eruption, burning and devouring *all before it*, in one *general promiscuous ruin!*

In this age, in which prophecying is unpopular, I shall be charged with credulity; but I positively deny the charge:—for if all the Reverend members of the above named societies, would swear by all the Bibles sent to Africa and Asia, that Slavery was consistent with Christianity, I would still be incredulous—I could not believe them.—Were they to swear by that high minded zeal, too lofty for objects near at hand, that a man could be a christian in the perpetual breaking of the golden rule, ("do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,") in the practice of which we pride ourselves as christians, they would find me still incredulous:—and should they, by proofs irrefragable, convince me that a man could be a *slave holder and a* CHRISTIAN—that moment they would make me an Atheist, the most incredulous mortal on the face of the earth.

My *warmth* in favor of the injured Africans, may border on intemperance; but my zeal for the honor and perpetual prosperity of my country, is

equally warm; and my most ardent prayers are, that by a timely but gradual eradication of this stain and curse, we may *pass by* this "terrible day of reckoning,"—and that posterity may not have it recorded in full—that the republic of Rome was overthrown by luxuries—the republics of Greece, by a division in her states—and the *Republic of America, by* DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

Farewell.

LETTER VII.

Lebanon, Ohio, June 17, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having determined to give my horse an hours rest whilst eating his afternoons feed, I shall devote two thirds of the time in writing this letter.

We lodged with a Mr. Biggs last night, twenty miles back from this place, who has dug two wells in front of his house, one of which is seventy and the other seventy five feet deep, without coming to water in either of them. In each of these wells, from within a few feet of the surface of the ground, to the very bottoms, he came across quantities of bushes and branches of trees, one of which had every appearance of being severed from the trunk by several strokes of an axe. Some of the branches, he told me, were so well preserved that it was easily distinguishing to what kind of trees they belonged. I am determined, on my return, to descend into one of the wells and ascertain the fact by occular demonstration, and procure a specimen to carry home with me. What makes this fact the more singular, is, the

situation is on very high, though tolerably level ground.

We fed and breakfasted this morning at Mr. .... a talkative, and consequently *knowing* Hibernian, who told us we would shortly come to one of the *greatest wonders of the world*—an Indian Fortification that has been standing ever since before the flood. "By my shoul," says he, "but you will be convinced of that the moment you see it, for there are trees on the banks as old and as large as any outside of them; and there are trees on the banks that have died and are rotting, just like it is outside of them—so that the banks must be as old as the ground they stand upon, and that you know must be just as old as the flood, and a great deal older. But the greatest wonder of all, is, that they used cannon in this fortification—for there are the port holes, plain to be seen *to this day.*" Our landlord's logical account of this wonderful fort, I find has lost much of its beauty and effect, for want of the dialect—but still, with this defect, it is an excellent specimen of the *wonder*, the first view of this really wonderful fort will excite on the mind of a person unaccustomed to seeing such.

This philosophical description was interrupted by an elderly gentleman coming in and ordering a feed for his horse; and whose pathetic story occupied the remaining time of our stay. The account he gave of himself put me on a new train of thinking, and has staggered my belief of the policy of elderly people, who are well settled in our "old settled, poor country," to unsettle themselves, and take a new start in the wilderness, merely to give their *Children* a good start in the

world. As this gentleman's story will speak more powerfully than all the reasoning that can be offered on it, I will give it in substance, as near as I can recollect.

"I was formerly settled" said he, "on a well improved farm in Cecil county, Maryland, near to the head of Elk, on which I lived well, enjoying all the comforts a man could wish for. Having six children, four sons and two daughters, all nearly grown up, I was very anxious to give them as good a beginning as was in my power; but my means being insufficient to settle them on farms in the neighborhood where we lived, (my sons all inclined to be farmers,) and neither their mother nor myself could think of parting with them, to settle them in the wilderness, we mutually agreed to sell our old mansion, the former residence of our fathers and grand fathers, and all settle together in the state of Ohio. Ten years ago, we put our plans into execution, and with an aching heart, I parted with the place of my sportive childhood. After encountering a number of difficulties and hardships, we arrived at the place where we settled, about eighteen miles from this, where I purchased in the woods, as much land as made six farms as large as the one we had left. Here we seated ourselves, with no other shelter from the weather than what our sheets and other bedclothes afforded, and which we formed into three tents. Our nearest neighbors were seven miles from us, but who nevertheless were very kind in giving us assistance. It was the middle of June when we arrived at our place, and by Christmas we got a couple of tolerable cabins erected, and my prospects began to brighten. I

had always been accustomed to a life of ease and comfort, and scarcely a week had passed without the society of friends and acquaintance to cheer and enliven me:—but such a great change as I underwent at the age of 58 years, almost broke my spirits. I had to take the lead in all the most laborious work, for two years, to keep up the drooping spirits of my children. Thirteen of us, including grand children, were crowded into two small cabins, for a whole year, and not once in three months did I see an individual excepting those of my children and their families. In thinking of my then present situation, and of the comforts and societies I had left behind me, I have wept in my bed till I wet my pillow—but they were the mingled tears of joy and sorrow. Having overcome our greatest difficulties, and my children all married (except my youngest daughter,) and seated round me, on better land than I had left, reconciled me to the lot I had chosen. The country settling fast by new comers, our society increased. As my children married, I settled them, by giving them clear titles to a quarter section of land. In this situation, encircled by my children and grand children, our comforts increasing every day, I enjoyed in *anticipation* a happy residue of remaining years.—But the cup I had been purchasing at the expense of so much comfort, never fully reached my lips. Three years ago I buried my wife; a heavy stroke, but which I bore with becoming fortitude, knowing that such a separation was decreed to *all*, let their situation be where it would. Since the death of my wife, my children have all left me, but my youngest daughter. Tempted by the al-

luring accounts from other new countries, and the offer of six dollars an acre for their improved farms, they gave me no rest till I gave my consent to their selling here and settling where they fancied. One has gone to the Alabama, one to the Missouri, two to the Illinois, and my daughter and son in law to Indiana—*and I never expect to see one of them again.*"

Tears of sympathy rolled down my cheeks in unison with those of the old gentleman, as he ended his story. Ungrateful children, (thought I to myself,) and is this the return you have made to a kind, indulgent parent, who doted on you, and who sacrificed a comfortable living in *his* old age, to settle *you* well, where he hoped to enjoy your endearing society through his fast declining life—and finally, close his eyes at last in the presence of his children and children's children!! But so it is, *we* love *our* children, and *they* love *their* children.

The subject was introduced by his inquiring where I lived, and my inquiry how he liked the Ohio. I acknowledge that I have given his narrative a coloring, but *all* the *outlines* and SHADING *are* HIS.

His case may be that of numbers of others, but it is the first that I have met with. The want of reciprocal affection, from children whom he tenderly loved, and calling to mind the respect that was paid to him in the country of his respectable forefathers, may well make the contrast between Maryland and Ohio gloomy on the side of the latter.

Our Dearborn being ready and waiting at the door, we took leave of the old gentleman and our

host, anxious to see the Hibernian's antediluvian fort. Four miles from where we fed brought us in sight of this wonderful remains of ancient fortification: the road passes directly through it. A few rods from the entrance into the fort, are two mounds about nine feet high, between which the road passes. These mounds are directly in front of one of the gate ways, which has been widened to admit of waggons passing through. The bank on each side of the road is five perches over, and (judging from the apparent angle of elevation) cannot be much less than one perch in height. Round the whole enclosure are 80 gate ways, or Irish port holes. On the south-east, south, and north-west sides are deep ravines: the south-westerly side is on the brow of a steep and high hill, near the foot of which is the little Miami.—The quantity of land enclosed by the bank is one hundred acres. South of the road, at a small distance from it, and nearly half way through, is an excavation supposed to have been dug for a well—the mouth of which is shaped like a funnel, and appears as if the water might have been obtained by a flight of winding steps. The whole taken together, discovers great judgment and a knowledge of practical geometry in the projectors, and the labor of a multitude of hands in the execution.

On approaching this stupendous monument of the extinct remnant of a once powerful and partly civilized race, the mind is filled with wonder and hurried into a thousand conjectures! By whom has this been erected, and for what purpose has it been done? Have these banks been thrown up to defend the besieged, (as is generally supposed) or

to defend fields of grain from the ravages of wild beasts? Was it anterior, or subsequent to the discovery of America by Columbus, that these have been raised?

Was it not for two circumstances, I should conclude these to have been works of defence, made by a colony of Spaniards sent to settle Florida, about the year 1520, and who were seduced by the Indians to go towards the north-west, in search of a spring which they called the spring of everlasting life, whose water would give eternal youth and life to all who drank of or bathed in it. These Spaniards went in the pursuit, but have never been heard of since.

One of the circumstances alluded to, is the mounds, which in every instance that has come under my observation, are to be found in the neighborhood of the forts, and is an appendage to them. From all the information I can gather, these mounds belong to their religious ceremonies—in which have been buried some noted personage belonging either to the Priesthood or Military, and over whose remains nothing is admitted but consecrated *soil*, brought from a distance—a parallel to which is not to be found in *any usage* of the Spaniards.

The other circumstance alluded to, is the size and age of the timber growing within and on the banks. The landing of these Spaniards is by far too recent to admit of such a growth of timber, and over such an extent of ground as we find here, since the time in which they could have occupied these places. These forts were certainly clear when they were occupied, and must have been occupied sufficiently long to eradicate every

vestige of timber in and near them. It must have required hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, for the timber to have acquired the maturity at which we now find it—and it may since have *been* growing and decaying, as it is at present, for hundreds of years:—less than a thousand could not have given them their present appearance, under the circumstances in which these have existed.

I intended, when I began, to have offered a conjecture which suggested itself to me, respecting these antiquities; but instead of the forty minutes which I had alloted for this letter, the time is doubled. I shall conclude by observing that the town, as it appears from the window at which I am writing, must be on very uneven ground—the buildings are composed principally of bricks, or wooden frames, and quite a thriving looking place.

Farewell.

LETTER VIII.

Smockville, Jefferson county, Indiana, June 21, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

No doubt but you think it high time for me to say something respecting the country; and having got through the state of Ohio, I shall appropriate a portion of this letter to a tabular view, with such remarks as will give you as comprehensive a description of it, as could be done in four times the space by describing it in words, if you understand the principles of the Table.

The letters following the name of the place,

are the first letters of the county in which the place is.

PLACE.	LAND.	HILL.	REMARKS.
Cadiz, Har.	2 to 4	5 to 6	
Uniontown, Bel.	2 to 4	5 to 6	Some large hills, but not so frequent as between Lisbon & Cadiz.
Morristown, Bel.	2 to 4	5 to 6	Road very hilly.
Fairview, Bel.	2 to 3	5 to 6	Town on very high hilly gd.
Washington, Guer.	2 to 4	5 to 6	
Cambridge, Guer.	2 to 4	5 to 6	Some of the land very good
Zanesville, Mus.	2 to 3	5 to 6	Some spots of excellent land and several large hills.
Plummersville, Mus.	2 to 4	3 to 6	Land more level, & fewer hills.
Somerset, Fair.	2 to 4	3 to 6	
Lancaster, Fair.	3 to 4	1 to 3	Large tracts of good level land.
Circleville, Pick.	3 to 5	0 to 3	Some tracts of low flatland not cleared.
Chilicothe, Ross.	4 to 5	0 to 2	Large portion of very level land.
Paint Creek, Ross.	2 to 4	1 to 5	Large hills & poor land, west of Chilicothe.
Greenfield, High.	2 to 4	1 to 3	Poplar ridge, high, flat, & rather swampy.

PLACE.	LAND.	HILL.	REMARKS.
Vanmatres, High.	2 to 4	0 to 4	Large portion of high, flat, wet land.
Little Miami, Clin.	2 to 4	1 to 6	High rough hills on the river.
Lebanon, War.	2 to 4	1 to 3	Some tracts of good land.
Princeton, War.	3 to 4	1 to 4	Land generally level.
Hamilton, War.	3 to 4	1 to 4	
Dry fork of White Water, But.	2 to 5	1 to 3	Land generally level and good.
Whitewater, Ham.	2 to 5	1 to 3	
Hardinsburgh, Line.	3 to 5	1 to 3	very good land.

In judging of the productiveness of the country through which we have passed, I have paid particular attention to the adjoining towns. If the town had an apperance of doing much business, and if it appeared to grow or increase in a certain ratio to its age, my conclusion was, that the surrounding country might be denominated fertile: and on the contrary, towns that appeared to be on the decline, houses old and deserted, and no business of consequence going on, I set it down in my mind that the country was rather sterile; always making allowance for situation, as to cross roads, county seat, navigation, &c. and for newness of the country. But though the criterion appeared to be plausible in theory, it is far from being one that may be depended on in all cases, for I find that speculation has frequently pitched

upon the site for the town, or ville, and the name or the *Title* that the speculator bore, has given him an influence by which he has imposed an unfavorable situation on mechanics and tradesmen, as an "elegant"* situation for business of any kind; thereby enriching himself at the expense probably of some industrious poor citizens, by selling to them part of his land in town lots.

We have passed by a few of this description that would indicate a country different from what it really was; some in embryo, and some in their dotage; one little village in particular that four fifths of the houses were deserted.

Where a judicious seat is pitched upon for a town, the benefits will be mutual between it and the surrounding country, and both will flourish together—but where speculation alone has determined the place, the town cannot thrive to any advantage, though the surrounding country should be as fertile as any in the state.

The most ludicrous instance of an attempt at a town speculation, (that I have seen,) is this same town of Smockville. On coming in sight of it, I could not for the life-o-me keep the muscles of my face relaxed. What an "elegant" subject to garnish a page in the next edition of Morse's Geography. As the subject will be original, I shall claim the honor of being Historiographer; giving the editor full liberty of copying in toto the geographical description—which will be as follows!

SMOCKVILLE—a post town in Jefferson county, and state of Indiana. The streets *(might be)*

*Elegant, is an adjective, made use of by the people in the western country to denote the quality of any thing good, strong, eligible, handsome, &c.

very capacious, and cross each other at right angles. Two thirds of the town are public buildings, the most conspicuous of which are the post office, and hotel. The sign that adorns the hotel is emblematical of the riches of the town, and state of agriculture in the surrounding country. The population (as taken by a late traveler towards the west,) is is follows: one man, one woman, five children, and three young students of the four footed genera, adopted citizens from the neighboring wood, belonging to the family of *Ursus Lator*. Travelers who wish to amuse themselves with a view of the curiosities of the place, will put up at the sign of the Pumpkin, where they may meet with "a ····y fire side and a jorum," at the usual hotel rates.

The subject would admit of much description, but I am far from wishing to hurt the feelings, or in any way to injure the proprietor, to whose name the "ville" is attached; yet, a person, whether a *judge* or a colonel, who will endeavor to force a town into existence, with no other ostensible motive than his own aggrandizement, must put up with a little irony. If all the towns of this *Ephemeræ* genus were as harmless as Smockville, ironical description would be unmerited and cruel. But when they are to be met with almost every day and strangers, whose interest it is to settle in some thriving little town, are so liable to be imposed upon, it is but justice to put them on their guard:—and even the farmer, who wishes to purchase improved land, may be grossly deceived, by being led to believe that the land he is purchasing is close in the neighborhood of a fine flourishing little town, that in a few years will

make the land in the neighborhood, double in value of what it is now offered for. I have this day been offered a plantation near a "ville" of the above description, with an additional advantage of joining the public school ground, for $20 an acre; but I am well convinced that land equally good, with equal improvements, and with every real advantage with that which was offered, can be purchased within the same neighborhood, for one fourth of the money.

I have observed (more particularly) since leaving Chilicothe, a considerable failure in the streams of water. After crossing the big Miami our road lay down between it and the Whitewater river, in coming down which we twice crossed a branch of the Whitewater, called the Dry Fork; in crossing the second time, we observed near the ford, the last drippings of water disappearing amongst the gravel and sand, below which the higher parts of the channel were entirely dry.—We have since crossed a number of beds of creeks, the channels of which were as dry and dusty as the road we travel on. One would have supposed that the farmers accustomed to this annual drying of the mill streams, would have made them cautious of being unprepared with flour and meal, when the waters fail; instead of which they provide a horse load only, as it may be wanted—and when the water mills fail, they will send their usual quantity to the nearest horse or steam mill, sometimes to the distance of 20 or 30 miles.—Our host this morning, June 22d, is preparing to send a grist to a steam mill in *Kentucky*, giving his boy instructions how to *ford the Ohio* and save the ferriage. The practice certainly cannot be u-

niversal, but as far as observation and information extend, it is pretty general. The custom probably grows out of an acquired *indolence*, arising from the ease and certainty of raising the necessaries of life; an indolence that is displayed on every part of the farms where labor can be shunned. I have sometimes thought, when passing by their older looking cabins, that this indolence had been suffered to prey upon the incumbent, till it had sunk him down to an inactive indifference, equally distant from the extremes of happiness and misery:—but such instances are very rare—for I have almost universally found, from the neatest looking farm house, down to the meanest cabin, an ease and content that might be envied by our richest farmers in the Atlantic states.

In traveling through the hilly parts of Ohio, I have called at six or eight houses in the course of the day, (pretendedly for a drink of water, but) to inquire how they ever thought of settling on such very hilly land, where farming must be hard work, and where the soil must soon grow thin, from being subject to a continual waste by washing rains—and have *always* received for answer, in an exulting tone, "we prefer hard labor, good water, and health, to the rich bottom lands, where the people are dying with agues and fevers."—They would then give me a narrative of their coming to the state to settle—how they had looked round the country for a place that would please them—and finish their story, by pointing out some particular advantage that had determined them to choose that particular place:—by commending their judgment (which I seldom failed to

do,) in the selection they had made, they appeared doubly paid for the trouble I had put them to. After passing Lebanon 6 or 7 miles, being really thirsty, I called at the first convenient cabin on the road, which happened to be on flat bottom land. Seeing no appearance of a well, and judging it to be some distance to a spring, I felt somewhat embarrassed in asking for water: however, my drought overcame my scruples, and asking for a drink of water, the woman of the house (an elderly lady) ordered her girl to "go to the *well* and *dip* up a bowl of water for the gentleman." Not having seen any signs of a well, I watched the motions of the girl, to see where the water was to come from, when lo! stepping into the yard, a few feet from the door, she shoved a short board to one side, went to her knees, and stooping down, *dipped* up a bowl of water, as *warm as the sultry air* that I was breathing. I asked the old lady, if drinking such warm water did not make them sickly; "no," she replied, in the usual exulting tone, "you will never hear of people dropping down dead, by drinking such water as ours."

From further inquiries, I found the old lady quite contented with their situation, it having some particular advantages that recommended *that* spot as suiting them best, amongst which was the safety with which they could drink the water.

"Mahometans eat *all the Hog*;" some selecting one part, and some another, as that which is clean and lawful to be eaten.

Farewell.

LETTER IX.

Livonia, Indiana, June 23, 1819.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

It is a very rare occurrence for any of us to steer our bark along the current of time, many days together, without experiencing baffling winds; and sometimes storms that threaten to wreck the vessel. "But, When gentle zephyrs fan the sail, our little bark glides sweetly o'er the deep: refreshing breezes cool the air, and soothe the troubled mind to sweetest rest.—Ye fair, whose charms have been the theme of Lyric verse since time began; whose modulated voice the storms of life can calm, and raise that calm to tempest! To you we are indebted for the BETTER part of the variegated blasts and *breezes* that drive and lead us on the voyage of life, and keeps the sea on which we sail, in healthful agitation." "Ye fair, whose features indicate cherubic minds—how can ye raise the Borean wind that chills our happiness and yours."

My dearest wife, should this rhapsody be beyond your comprehension, the fault lies between your sex and the poets who composed it; for my own part, it is a subject that I cannot dwell on without getting into such enthusiastic raptures, that my fancy soars even beyond *my own* comprehension.

This effusion was suggested by the variety of dispositions amongst the landladies we have met with in our tour. Some of them will appear to interest themselves so much in the comfort of the traveler, by inquiring what he wants, or what he will choose, that he experiences a cheerful welcome, and feels himself at home; and whilst she

is pouring out the beverage, (made still more palatable, by the cheerfulness she discovers in waiting on him,) she sympathizes with the privations and exposures incident to traveling—or calls his memory back to the society and scenes he had left, by agreeable inquiries about his family, his relations and country; prying into whatever will add to his comfort, and administering these comforts with cheerfulness and alacrity. He rises from the table, or retires to rest, with a cordial on his mind that makes his repose doubly refreshing.

Others again, with the demureness of a statue, will hardly give you a yes, or a no, to the most plain or important question you can ask them.—You may rise from the table with a full meal it is true, but there will be a void in the mind that leaves you unsatisfied with the entertainment, though it may be composed of the most dainty dishes.

Another class, though fortunately not so numerous as either of the others, will demean themselves with such an air of disdainful superiority, that a modest traveler will feel himself so much like their humble servant, that he feels as if himself or his money were entirely unworthy of the shelter of her roof, or the repast she may deign to set before him. He is certain to leave the place disgusted with every thing belonging to it, and feels such a littleness within himself, that the whole object of his journey diminishes to mere insignificance.

As I know my Polly feels such an interest in the reception I may meet with from the hostesses on my route; rejoicing in the comfort, and sympathizing in the distress that I may experience—

I shall relate to her an anecdote that happened this day, of which I was the hero and sufferer. But I beg of her, instead of leting her sympathy diminish her down to the size I felt myself—that she may feel a proper indignation at such treatment from one of her sex, who has it in her power to add to her interest, by increasing the comfort of strangers.

We stopped to day at about eleven o'clock, with a middle aged widow woman, to feed our horse and give him rest; and as I despise taking up house room without paying rent, I called for a gill of spirits and some fresh water; the spirits was brought after some considerable delay, with a "Sir, here 's your whiskey,—this water has n't been in long," looking into a pitcher on the table: however, I found it had been in quite long enough to become warm before the whiskey came. The landlady went about her business, and before 12 o'clock the bell rang for dinner; she came to the bar room door and asked if we would be for dinner; we all answered her in the negative, it not being three hours since we had breakfasted. My horse having sufficiently rested, I had him brought out, and stepping forward to the landlady, asked how much was my bill; "why what have you had?" a gallon of oats and a gill of whiskey; "is *that* all?" yes; "well, you'll not be against paying me three four pence ha-pennys, I hope?" not at all, madam, says I, handing her a quarter of a dollar; "have you nothing less?" no, I replied; "well, I can't change it." Getting very tired of the altercation, I stepped across the street, and after two or three fruitless trials, I got my money changed, returned and paid her.—

Not satisfied with the gratings she had already given me in the presence of several gentlemen boarders, she challenged one of the six and a quarter cent pieces with being too light, and threw the money on the table; one of the gentlemen picked up the challenged piece and assured her that it was as good as any; "well," says she, "it is such a mere trifle that it is not worth taking any how." The whole of her discourse was delivered in such a manner as to let me know that she thought me little and stingy; I felt the full force of it, and felt as mean as she could have wished me, but the last cut fairly outdone me. Embarrassed out of my senses, I felt little enough in my own sight to have crawled into a nut shell. Had it been from a man, I should have known how to have acted. But gracious stars! such a discharge from a source where I could least have expected it, overwhelmed me with confusion. This happened in the middle of the day, and my mind is so disturbed yet, that I feel sickly; I have no appetite for my supper.

I know, my dear, that you need not the advice I am about to give you; but, as it will be a means of relieving my mind, I know you will more than excuse me for giving it.

Should it ever fall to your lot to keep a house of entertainment for travelers—supply their wants with cheerfulness; if they want but little, give them that little with a willing mind, and you will do it gracefully; it is the manner of giving, more than the quality of the benefit, that makes it valuable. If you find your guest depressed in spirits, find what it is that preys on his mind, by kind inquiries, and administer consolation by

soothing language; and when he pays you your demand, be it much or be it little, accept it with thankfulness;—by so doing, you will gain his esteem and friendship—he will speak of you with kindness to his friends, and you will gain their custom.

You will probably be gratified to be informed that this was the second instance only, wherein I met with such treatment; but I thought it singular that there should be any, when the continuance of custom depends on the good treatment a man may receive. Probably some allowance may be made in this last instance, in extenuation; but how, I cannot conceive: she may have been confident that one or all of the travelers would have taken dinner, and the disappointment may have put her out of humor; but I know that neither me nor my comrade gave her any reason to *expect* that *we* would dine.

This morning, June 24th, I feel considerable relief from my embarrassment of yesterday, by a little incident that happened last evening.

The tavern here has but one room to lodge travelers in. Shortly after we arrived, a gentleman and his wife called to get lodging likewise. After the tea furniture was cleared off, travelers and all seated themselves round the room in family order, and entered into a general discussion of the means that would be most proper to obviate the hardness of the times. After settling the public concern to our satisfaction, the traveling lady retired to her bed with as much composure as if she had been in her own private bed chamber.—For my own part, I had been in new countries long enough to become familiar with promiscuous

undressing scenes; not so with my young companion, J....; it was new and novel to him; he put me in mind of the fable of the hungry ox between two hay stacks; his curiosity excited him to see whether she was actually going to bed in presence of the men, and modesty prompted him not to look at a lady undressing; between the two, he was undetermined which way to turn his head till she got fairly to bed. But this was only a prelude to the farce that followed. A general preparation for bed took place; the landlady unthoughtfully kept her seat, waiting to remove the candle when we all saw ourselves well fixed for our nights rest. J.... got his hat and shoes off without much difficulty, but how to get out of his remaining clothes was an embarrassing consideration; he tried to screen himself behind the curtains of the bed in which he got entangled in pulling off his coat; every thing conspired together to throw him into confusion, and I verily think that had the floor opened and dropped him into the cellar, he would have considered it as a kind relief from his embarrassment.

It brought to my mind a similar situation in which I was placed, in my traveling through Georgia, with the aggravated circumstance of not even a cob web curtain to hide my confusion.— After a very hearty laugh to myself, I fell into a pleasant sleep whilst reflecting on the power of custom in forming our opinions on what we would consider decent and becoming.

With a very pleasing remembrance of your kindest love and sympathy, increased by our disance from each other, I bid you

Farewell.

The J.... above was Jacob Heald, my father, then 18 yrs. old.
Patsey Heald

LETTER X.

Vincennes, Indiana, June 27, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having heard such discouraging accounts, by the travelers from St. Louis, of the difficulties to encounter through the Prairies, from the Prairie flies being so very numerous and troublesome, we have concluded not to cross the state of Illinois. They say that travelers are obliged to lay by through the day and travel after night, and in one instance, (through the grand Prairie,) a distance of 23 miles, without a possibility of getting a single drop of water.

These flies are represented as resembling a swarm of bees for numbers, round the horses; that when they alight, their bite is equal to the sting of a wasp, and no chance of brushing them away, but by scraping them off with the hand, they stick so very fast. Instances are related of horses getting so phrensied from the bite of them, as to run themselves to death.

Those that I have seen, are about the size of a honey bee, of a yellowish grass green color, and in shape and other features resembling our large gray horse fly.

The face of the country through which we have been traveling, from the mouth of the Miami to this place, may be ranked amongst natural curiosities.

In Dearborn county, the land generally lies very high and rolling, excepting at the water courses, the banks of which are very steep and very high; some of them for one fourth of a mile would average an elevation of at least nearly 20 degrees, taken from the bottoms. These water

courses are but thinly interspersed, giving the country some little resemblance to a large common, with a few deep gullies washed in it.

The same description will apply to Switzerland county; then, as we advance westerly through Jefferson county into Washington, these water courses diminish in depth, or rather, the surface of the land declines, until the whole becomes a level swamp. Near the eastern edge of Washington, commences a range of high knobs projecting eastwardly from a hill, (like the teeth of a saw,) which serves as a base. The direction of the front of these knobs, is from north eastwardly to south westwardly. From the top of the one over which the road passes, the eye can sweep a semicircular range, all round the eastern side, to the distance of thirty miles. In looking down upon the even tops of the gigantic growth of timber on the plains below, we almost imagine ourselves to "tread the air." From these knobs on westwardly, to within 12 miles of the east fork of White river, the land appears to rest on vaults of limestone. The face of the country is thickly interspersed with sinks, like funnels, that appear as if the vaulted arches underneath had lost their support and tumbled in. These sinks are of various sizes, from one perch in diameter, to ten or twelve. Some of them are open at the bottom like the spout of a funnel, forming natural wells from fifteen to thirty feet in depth, at the bottoms of which are always found considerable currents of water running through them: others again are so close at the bottom as to retain all the water that falls into them, in which the cattle quench their thirst.

Five miles to the west of Salem, there is an open space of country called the Barrens, supposed to contain many thousand acres of land. On emerging from the woods into this open plain, a sportive fancy will imagine itself just entering into the elysian fields of ancient (Indian) poets.—This whole area is supposed by the neighboring people to cover a subterranean lake, which vents itself on one side with sufficient force to turn a mill lately erected at the place: it is likewise the source of the head waters of a stream of water called Lost river.

Lost river takes its name from the circumstance of its losing itself among the limestone sinks, or vaults, and disappearing for several miles under ground. The road to Vincennes passes over the ridge under which this river runs and loses itself. From the slope of the ridge on each side of the road as far as can be seen, I judged the water must run between one and two hundred feet below the surface of the ground. The course of the river can be traced on each side of the road, by a general depression of the ground, occasioned by a regular succession of sinks.

After crossing this natural bridge, we leave the limestone country and enter a high hilly district, 12 or 14 miles across, some parts of which appear as if hill was placed on hill for three tier, like "Alps on Alps arise."

From the eastern fork of White river to this place, there is a handsome diversity of barrens, prairie, and woodlands; of rolling, level, and hilly country. Between the two branches of White river, the water is generally strongly tinctured with sulphur, or some bituminous substance, giv-

ing it a taste like gunpowder, very nauseous and possessing a purgative quality.

On my first entering into this state, I was ready to conclude that the morals of the people here, were not so refined as those of the people in Ohio; and now I have got through the country, I am confirmed in my conclusion, but with some little modification. In traveling through the Ohio from nearly one extreme corner to the opposite, I did not meet with *one individual that was the least disguised with ardent spirits.* On my first entrance into Indiana, in a little town called Wilmington, there was a congregation of the devotees of Bacchus, celebrating the festival of that Deity with all the solemnity usual on such occasions; and in the town of Washington, between the forks of White river, was a much larger congregation, who, I was told, made daily libations to the same Deity. Whilst in the state of Ohio I inquired of an innkeeper whether the citizens of the state would justify an opinion a traveler would form of their sobriety, in his observations through the country; he told me they would not; tavern keepers would not permit their drinking at the taverns, and travelers of course would seldom see them drunk—but too many of them were in the habit of "jugging it pretty powerfully at home." In Ohio this tutelar Deity may be considered as a household god; In Indiana they have temples set apart for the purpose of celebrating these solemnities: these temples are easily distinguished from other public buildings, by the officiating priest having over his door, in rather uncouth characters, the following inscription: "CHEAP GROCERIES"—with a drawing of the

half pint and gill measures—emblematical of the vessels made use of at the altar.

In Indiana I discovered (or thought I could see) a greater portion of neatness and industry on their farms, and consequently less of that easy indolence discoverable in Ohio.

I beg of you, dear brother, not to understand me as insinuating that drunkenness and immorality are characteristical features of the people in the backwoods; for I verily believe that in point of morality and disinterested goodness of heart, the people generally in our *highly polished and civilized* state, will not bear a comparison with citizens of similar grades (as far as I have seen) in these new countries. It is common amongst *us* at home, to associate the idea of half savages with the name of "backwoodsmen" or settlers in a new country—but the association is *in our minds* without the prototype. The fact no doubt will appear strange to you; it was pleasing to me to discover my mistake. These countries were evidently first settled by the industrious economical poor people from our older states, where their savings would not procure them a home; but emigrating here where land is cheap, they have become proprietors. This kind of emigration has drawn from the older countries a large portion of *sober* industrious cititizens, and left the extremes of glittering wealth and indigent debauchery more conspicuous amongst us; and has collected in these new countries, societies enjoying a happy equality of comforts and *morality*.

The town of Vincennes is on a large high prairie, on the eastern banks of the Wabash. There is nothing in it to give the appearance of a town,

excepting a collection of houses of different descriptions; there is one lane in it, to be sure, that resembles a street in its most essential qualities; but generally the houses appear as if they had been placed at random, with a garden either back of them or round them, amongst which, wherever there is sufficient room for a waggon to pass, is what they denominate streets. The town contains about one hundred houses and about one thousand inhabitants, composed of all the variety of people to be found in the United States. At the upper end of the town is a large steam mill.

I have been told since I arrived here, that the upper part of the prairie on which the town stands has been in cultivation for *one hundred and thirty years*, and for the last *seventy*, *without one years rest or intermission*—and that the crops yield as many bushels to the acre at this time, as they did when it was first cultivated. The wheat this day is about half of it in shock; the corn looks very well—I have no doubt but it will yield sixty bushels to the acre. The ground at present belongs to General Harrison.

To-morrow we shall start on foot into the Illinois, to see some of the famous prairies, when, on my return here I shall be enabled to give you a correct account of the appearance at least of this *famous country*.

Farewell.

LETTER XI.

Vincennes, June 29, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

I have just now returned from a

little jaunt into the Illinois, in which I have seen an excellent sample of the prairie land. Three fourths of a mile from the Wabash brought us into what travelers call the 6 mile prairie, but which is denominated by the settlers on it, the Ellison prairie. It is said to be 12 miles in length on a diagonal line from one extreme corner to the opposite, and 6 miles across in the direction of the road. Nearly one half of it on the side next the river is subject to be overflowed in the spring, by the rising of the Wabash, and is almost a dead level, with scarcely a tree or a shrub of one years growth standing on it; this part is called clay, or wet prairie, from a mixture of clay with the soil. This kind of Prairie is said to be the healthiest, but the most unpleasant to live on, the soil holding the water in the wet seasons so as to be ankle deep in mud, and baking hard in dry weather. The other part, called dry, or sandy prairie, lies higher, is not so level and may be said to be gently rolling:—both were covered with a luxuriant growth of tall coarse grass, intermixed with a rich variety of beautiful flowers, over which several flocks of horn cattle and horses were grazing, and all in excellent order.

In our little jaunt into the Illinois, we stopped at nearly every cabin near the road to rest ourselves and make inquiry of the health, productiveness, convenience and whatever else would be interesting to an emigrant to that country. At all the places we called at we found the water excellent. The farmers were generally cutting their grain which was very handsome, but not so good as that on the Pickaway plains. The corn that had been well attended was generally as high as

my breast, or about four feet nine inches high, and had been planted within the first and second weeks in May. Small patches of cotton looked as fine and growing as any I had seen in Georgia; and in fact all the crops that were growing had the most luxuriant appearance.

After rambling to a short distance beyond the Ambraw, a small river bordered with a heavy growth of timber, we returned towards this place and lodged last night with Mr. Hughston, a very sensible and intelligent farmer, from whom we got the most satisfactory information, believing from the moderation with which he spoke, that his statement must be more correct than what we had received at other places.

The man with whom we lodged on coming to Vincennes 12 miles east of this, told us of one of his neighbors who raised off of five and a half acres, six hundred and twenty five bushels of measured corn after using of it in its soft state in his family, and feeding his cattle with it before it was measured. The corn that is now growing on his own farm, he says he is confident will yield him eighty bushels; his wheat he expected would be about thirty bushels to the acre. This man, as well as all that we had conversed with in the Illinois, spoke of the Shaker Town prairie averaging in favorable years, forty bushels of wheat to each acre, weighing 73 lbs. per bushel; and the general result of our inquiries in the prairie lands were, 80 bushels of corn, and from 30 to 40 bushels of wheat. But Mr. Hughston was rather under—his wheat and corn were both as good as any we had seen after crossing the White river—and his expectations were, not less than

60 nor more than 75 bushels of corn, and between 25 and 30 bushels of wheat, per acre.

The inconvenience of timber appears to be but a small objection to the settlers on the prairies.—Mr. Hughston, who appears to be a candid man, says he would rather live where he now does and draw all the wood he would want on his farm the distance of 20 miles, than to live on the head waters of Green river, Kentucky, (where he formerly lived) with plenty of wood at his door. The sod is an excellent substitute for rails in fencing. A ditch four feet wide and two and a half or three feet deep, will furnish materials for a bank on the inner side of the ditch that will prevent cattle from trespassing. The tough sod is built up like bricks, having a perpendicular grassy front, back of which the remaining dirt from the ditch is thrown to give it support. Several plantations, amongst which is Mr. Hughston's, are entirely enclosed in this way. The fence is considered as very permanent, and no doubt would last for ages if proper grass seeds were sown in the ditch sides and on the inside of the banks.

To break up the prairie ground in the first instance requires a strong team, not less than four horses. One man told me that he had seen 12 oxen hitched to one plough, and hard pulling with all. The first crops after breaking up the tough sod are corn, which is planted by putting the seed in between the furrows, planting a row in every fourth furrow: nothing more can be done to the corn till it is ready for pulling. These first crops yield from 30 to 40 bushels of corn to the acre. By the spring following the sod is rotted, and the surface (on the sandy prairies) remains extremely

mellow, never requiring more than one horse to the plough.

The soil is from one foot to fourteen in depth, but mostly about three or four, intermixed with a large portion of fine sand. It immediately absorbs the heaviest showers of rain, and yet retains, in the dryest seasons, a sufficient quantity of moisture to answer all the purposes of vegetation. On this account it is most happily adapted to the purposes of cultivation, bearing the extremes of wet and drought, with nearly an equal production of crops to that of the best of seasons.

All the water that is wanted on the farms, has to be drawn from wells from 12 to 30 feet deep. This is an inconvenience that custom alone can overcome, and which is scarcely thought of by the inhabitants.

The most important query is that respecting health; it is the only one in which I am unsatisfied. In coming through the Indiana we met several families returning from the Illinois, who represented the place as a den of sickness. One gentleman from New York, whose wife died shortly after he had got his crop of corn in the ground, became so exasperated at the sickly country, that the day after he buried her, he gathered together what he could most conveniently carry, leaving the remainder, crop, land and all, to shift for themselves, without either guardian or administrator, and fled as if the plagues of Egypt were at his heels. All the people that we met, or heard of, returning from the Illinois, were from the states north of Maryland. Those that we called in with in the state were, one from the head waters of Green river, Kentucky, a high hilly coun-

try; one from the Eastern Shore, Maryland; and several from the Carolinas. In all our inquiries amongst the residenters, we found but one family that would acknowledge they had had any sickness: in this two of their children had once been complaining: the general answer to our inquiry was, that they had never had one hours sickness in their families since their settling in the country. The people mostly were of a tawny hue, though some of them had a florid freshness that indicated a high degree of health. From all the information and circumstances that came under my notice, my impressions are, that people from any part of a southern climate will enjoy good health here, and likewise people from a low flat situation in the northern states; but that those from the high and hilly parts of the country north of Maryland, will have to undergo a seasoning that in many instances will be of serious consequences This one thing I have learned to a certainty:—those that are leaving the country will paint it in the blackest colors that it will admit of, to give some alleviation to their suffering in purse and mind, and to make the necessity of leaving it appear as urgent as possible: these that are remaining will represent it in the most brilliant colors, whether they are really satisfied and wish to encourage the settling in their neighborhood, or whether they are dissatisfied and wish to sell out to a profitable advantage. An anecdote that was told to me at the Camp tavern, in Indiana, makes me put less confidence in any of these accounts. "One of their neighbors who came from Virginia, wrote a letter home to his father, stating that amongst other blessings they were enjoying in the

western paradise, was that of excellent health.—His wife asked him how he could send such an account, when two of their children had been confined to their beds for five weeks with the fever and ague: "why my dear," said he, "that is not considered as sickness in this country."

One would suppose that on such a wide extended level surface as there is on these prairies, the heats of summer would be insupportable; but they told me that it was far from being the case, adding that it was much cooler there than in the woods—that on every clear day there was a strong breeze of wind that made it very cool and pleasant, which they had not in the woods; and indeed I found it so yesterday: they say that the greatest inconvenience from the weather is in the winter, for then the wind is piercing.

I can say but little of the price of improved lands, having met with but one tract that was offered for sale; (belonging to a merchant in Vincennes;) it was a quarter section, the whole of it fenced in with banks, a small cabin on it, and forty acres in excellent corn. The whole as it stood (including the crop) was offered at $10 an acre; one third of the purchase money to be paid down, and the remaining two thirds in two annual payments.

Taking this one as a criterion to judge by, the following statement will exhibit the probable advantage in purchasing improved land.

Entering and paying down at $1.62 per acre	260 00
Enclosing (allowing one half for the adjoining lands) at 1 dollar per perch	320 00
Cabin	50 00
Breaking up and planting 40 acres, at $3 per acre	120 00
Interest on the sum of $750	45 00
Land and crop at the years end worth	$795 00

Purchasing the improved land, 160 acres, at $10 per acre	1600 00
Interest for prompt payment	96 00
	1504 00
Product of 40 acres of corn, allowing 50 bushels per acre, worth 50 cents per bushel	1000 00
	504 00
Expense of getting the corn ready for market, at 12½ cents per bushel	250 00
Neat value of the improved land	754 00
Difference in favor of purchasing improved land	41 00

Had we sufficient data to make a fair estimate, it appears likely to me that the result would be, that having a cabin and crop ready to our hands, and, as it were, "the world began for us," would be the only advantage; but were we to take into the account the *means* that a large portion of emigrants would have to begin with, the balance would certainly be greatly in favor of entering unimproved land.

I have been more particular in describing the Illinois than the Ohio and Indiana—because in the latter I have seen nothing excepting that there is good land in the Indiana *yet to enter*, that would have any weight in inducing me to settle in either

of them. Taking quality of land and markets in general in the Ohio, the advantages of that country over our own, are not so great as is generally calculated on; and even admitting that there was as great a portion of land yet to enter, in the Ohio as in Indiana and Illinois, the latter has advantages that the others cannot boast of. The great outlet for all the surplus produce west of the Allegany Mountain, must be by way of New Orleans, and it is a peculiar advantage to be enabled to get to that market at all times. The Ohio river, and its tributaries above the falls are frequently too low to be boatable—consequently the price of produce must either fall at those times, or else lie on the hands of the farmer till the river rises—and should the market at Orleans take a rise during the ebb of the river, the chances in getting there from the Illinois are at least 3 to 1 better than from the Ohio state, both from its proximity to the *parent stock* of all the western waters, and its numerous branches of navigable waters within itself, emptying immediately into the Mississippi, or into the Ohio near its junction with that river.

The inexhaustible fertility of the alluvion part of the country would determine my choice to the Prairies in the Illinois for agriculture; the depth and richness of the soil is almost incredible to those who have never seen them. Though I have been credibly informed that there are as good prairie lands in the Indiana, toward the head waters of the Wabash, as is to be found any where, yet the consideration of its being more difficult to get to market when the waters were low, would determine my choice nearer the Mississippi.

Had I started to the western country with my family, as I had sometimes thought of doing, I should never have got this far. The difficulties and vexations attendant on moving families are so great and numerous, that (like too many others have done,) when my patience would have got exhausted, I should have seated myself in the nearest convenient spot, where it is likely I would remain whether I had bettered or worsted myself.

My advice to my friends who intend moving to the westward would be, by all means to come and see the country, without the incumbrance of a family, and take a general look at it, as far as the Mississippi—and then, in that endless variety of soil and surface they would meet with, they could fix upon the spot that would suit them.

It is a ruinous thing for a family to unfix themselves where they had a home, to rig up a team to move them, to wander from three to five hundred miles without any fixed point to determine their future situation, at the expense of several years industry and saving, to see their golden prospects receding from them as they advance, and finally, to settle down dissatisfied, or return to the place from whence they had gone. Hundreds no doubt have gone in this blindfold manner and blundered on a situation that satisfied them; many have gone in this way that would gladly return; and some few have returned without unloading their waggons, when in all probability they may have been within 50 or 100 miles of a spot that would have suited them, on which they might have enjoyed a happy independence for themselves, with a cheering prospect of their

children's future importance in society—all of which has fled forever, and the unhappy persons' remaining portion is want and disgrace

This advice is applicable to those persons only, who have the means of settling themselves to their entire satisfaction on small farms. Mechanics and day laborers can scarcely go wrong, if they will keep out of the most noted towns, (which are already overflowing with them,) and from the older settled parts of the country. Prices for different mechanical branches are generally, from our fixed prices at home to one third higher, without estimating the cost of materials. In the newer settlements, laborers are much wanted, particularly where there is heavy timber to clear off. Their wages are estimated, for common work, one bushel of corn for each day—and for harvesting, from one and a half to two bushels. Clerks, schoolmasters and surveyors will find but little encouragement to emigrate to these countries.

Dear brother, the information contained in this letter will be an excuse for its length, b t for swelling it still farther I have no apology but an unaccountable itching for speculation.

From every information I can gather, the Illinois has such advantages (in the fertility of its soil; in the number of navigable streams round it and through it; with the choice of opening a communication to the Lakes from Orleans, through it, by connecting the head waters of the Illinois river to the Calumet of Lake Michigan; or of the Wabash to the Miami of the Lakes, by canals; in being situated in a very pleasant climate; and from the number of steam boats that will shortly be

plying from it and the neighboring country all round, to New Orleans; there being at this time 35 running, and 33 on the stocks on the Mississippi and the rivers emptying into it;) that I am willing to grant (barring the extension of slavery) that it will, in one century, contain a greater proportion of population than *any other state in the Union;* and if Connecticut can support a population of 54 to a square mile—Illinois can conveniently sustain 72 in the same space; and no doubt but the census for this state in 1920 will be three million four hundred thousand souls.

Farewell.

LETTER XII.

Louisville, Kentucky, July 3, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having an hour or two of leisure at this place, I shall devote part of the time to writing this letter.

Louisville is a large stirring town, situated at the head of the falls (or more properly rapids) of the Ohio. Shippingport, a village of industry, at the foot of the rapids, one and three fourths of a mile below Louisville; and half a mile lower down is another village called Portland, on the Kentucky side; on the Indiana side is Jeffersonville, at the head of the rapids; and at the distance of one mile below the foot, a new and very thriving little town called New Albany. These towns are all on what is called flat, or river bottom land, from 40 to 70 feet above low water mark, and I suspect are subject to fevers and agues.

For a traveler to be able minutely to describe

all the interesting scenery that Nature or Art may exhibit to him as he journeys along, it is necessary for him to have a pliability of mind that will yield to every impression, and be easily moulded to whatever engages his eye or his fancy. This flexibility of mind, if ever I had it, forsook me the moment I cast my eyes on the beautiful landscape which the borders of Kentucky that is washed by the limpid Ohio, presented to view.—The murmurming of the river over the falls; the shore beautifully skirted with woodlands and villages; hills beyond hills gently rising on the back ground, till they meet and mingle with the silvered clouds; all the charms of Art and Nature, loosely arrayed in their gayest attire, wooed Fancy to toy and revel uncontroled amongst *Naiadean* Nymphs— but wooed in vain! The moment I saw this garden spot of America, recollection whispered me that *there* the noblest work in nature, the tyrant MAN ENSLAVES HIS FELLOW MAN, "*Chains* him, and *tasks* him, and exacts his sweat with *stripes*, that Mercy with a bleeding heart, weeps to see inflicted on a beast:" *there* "Human nature's broadest, foulest blot" has deeply stained the bounties which Nature had richly spread for all her children.

I have again to ask pardon for trespassing on your time and patience, but this inflexible mind of mine has again got possession of a subject that is sure to haunt me whenever any circumstance revives it.

In looking over Seybert's Statistical Annals, in the article "Population of the United States," (which I happily have before me,) I have selected the following, from pages 32, 33, and 39, ta-

king in the seven principal slave holding states.

States.	No. of free white inhabitants in 1810.	For every 100 free persons, there were in 1800 Slaves.	in 1810 Slaves.	Increase per centum in 10 years.	Free Blacks and vagrants in 1810.	Increase of Free Blacks &c. between 1800&1810.
Maryland	235 117	44 50	45 16	66	33 927	13 940
Virginia	551 534	64 35	67 43	3 08	30 570	10 063
N. Carolina	376 410	38 61	43 66	5 05	10 266	3 223
S. Carolina	214 196	73 28	89 76	16 48	4 554	1 373
Georgia	145 414	57 96	71 47	13 51	1 801	a diminution of 118
Kentucky	324 237	22 33	24 68	2 35	1 713	972
Tennessee	215 875	14 76	20 50	5 74	1 317	1 008
	2 062 783		7)362 66	7)46 87	84 148	7)30 461
			51 81	6 69		4 351

Thus, it appears that the aggregate free white population of these seven states was in 1810, 2,062,783; the proportion of free whites to the slaves was, as 100.00 to *51.81; and the proportional increase of the slave population over that of the free whites is 6.69 per centum, in ten years. From which data, (supposing that no cause will operate to increase or diminish the average per centum,) the slaves will be equal in number to the free whites in 150 years more.—But, if to the slave population which was 1,099, 523, we add one half of the free blacks and vagrants as the actual number of free persons of color, and one half of their increase per centum to that of the slaves, their numbers will be equal to that of the free whites in 100 years. And, if to these seven states we add the different populations of the country west of the Mississippi, by admitting it into the rank of the states without a restriction of slavery there, 50 years more will make the slaves in these states equal to the whites. The population of the state of Louisiana in 1810 was, free whites 34,311, slaves 34,660, and free blacks and vagrants 7,585.

The census for 1820 will determine whether the act of Congress prohibiting the importation of slaves after 1808, has had the salutary effect designed by that honorable body, or whether it has not opened a door for smuggling, (more injurious in its consequences than the direct trade,) which nothing can prevent but possession of the Floridas, and restriction of slavery in all the country west of the Mississippi.

In pursuing this subject, the mind becomes so-

*It ought to be 53,3.

licitous to know what will be the final issue of the above progressive ratio towards an equality of numbers between the slave and the master.

Will the slave groan more patiently than heretofore, under the galling rod of his master? or, will his sufferings goad him on to try resistance at every chance he meets with, till chance or strength will put his master in his power? We see the slaves have combined in several successive attempts at general secret midnight massacres:—the failure of one attempt, with the immediate execution of all the ringleaders, has not detered others from being made.

There wants but one head amongst the slaves at any moment, in which will centre foresight, cunning, and desperate resolution, and a heart inured to cruelty—to devise and execute a plan that will involve thousands, perhaps millions in utter ruin, and shake the union of these states to the centre!

This is a subject that is becoming every day more seriously interesting to every citizen of these states. Justice will take place at some future day, and we had better do it ourselves by gradually abolishing slavery, than wait for them to seek it and obtain it in their own way. Policy would dictate the removal of the blacks from amongst ourselves; but where to place them for our safety and their satisfaction, is a question we dare not consult them on, and which I fear will be too embarrassing to determine without their consent.

I am almost sick of the high sounding appellation of Democratic Republican Citizen, where its warmest advocates will defend at the "risk of

their lives and fortunes," the doctrine "that *all men* are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain UNALIENABLE rights; that amongst these are *life*, LIBERTY, and *the pursuit of happiness*;" and yet defend at an equal risk, an *exclusive unalienable* right within themselves, to deprive their fellow Man (because his skin is black, and hair is frizzled,) of his right to pursue his happiness, enjoy his liberty, or to secure his life; and to take from them that equality which their Creator has given them, and to degrade them to an equality with the beasts of burden.

In this country of heterodoxical republicanism, I feel like an insulated citizen, without a single point of fellowship to attach me to their society, and from which I shall gladly withdraw.

Farewell.

LETTER XIII.

Lexington, Kentucky, July 5, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

The country through Kentucky has the same general features with that on the other side of the Ohio, at similar distances from the river. The corn on the bottom lands looks very well—that on higher or hilly ground is suffering much for want of rain.

Lexington is a large, handsome town, on rolling ground. The streets are regularly laid out, and a number of them well filled up with substantial buildings. The town is not so compact as Pittsburg, but covers more space and probably contains as many houses.

Twenty five miles west of this place we passed through Frankfort, the metropolis of the state.— It is situated on a low bottom, on the east side of Kentucky river, and is so completely surrounded by hills 200 feet high at least, that the view is limited to the size of the town in almost every direction excepting a perpendicular one.

There appears to be a partiality in the western country people for fixing on a plain near some water course, for the site of their towns. Lisbon, Zanesville, New Lancaster, Chilicothe, and a number of other towns, are situated on what are called first or second river bottoms, on very low situations, and all of them have charming sites at about twice the width of the town back from the streams they are on. New Lancaster, though not entirely on a flat, is built as near the Hochocton (a stream in which a batteau can scarcely float,) as could be, on the edge of a large marsh prairie. This town would have been on a high, handsome, and as healthy a situation as there is in the county, at twice the width of itself farther back from the marsh.

But of all the towns I have seen in my route, Frankfort carries the palm, where mercantile convenience has deceived, or outweighed, considerations of health, pleasantness, or beauty.— There is no direction in which a draught of air can be drawn to ventilate the town. In a clear summer day the heat from the sun is reflected from the surrounding hills into the town as a focal point, and the nights can afford no relief from the oppressive heats of the day. The river itself adds languor to the mind; narrow, deep, and almost motionless. When we passed it this morn-

ing it appeared to have the color and consistence of a dish of chocolate.

There is a toll bridge across the river opposite the town, about 150 yards over, where you are charged "50 cents for waggons of every description:" of course our little one horse Dearborn with 4 cwt. paid as much "into the treasury" as a five horse team with 50 cwt. Whether the acts of the legislature generally have this partial stamp, I shall not take on me to say; but this was evidently intended to bear on the Yankey pedling waggons.

Four miles this side of Frankfort we baited our horse, where we had an "elegant" specimen of Kentucky political discussion.

A Kentucky farmer of some note, and a Director of the Frankfort Bank happened in at the same place, where each baited his horse and refreshed himself with a *"tickler of whiskey." The farmer presented a Bank note to the landlord to pay his bill.

Landlord.—"I cannot take that note without a discount of eight per cent."

Farmer.—"You will take this note then." (handing a Tennessee note.)

Landlord.—"That bank suspended payment last week; their notes wont pass at all."

Farmer.—"By G—— sir, you must be mistaken."

B. Director.—"I do assure you sir, it is a fact; the notice was published in last Saturday's paper."

Farmer.—"Well, G—— d—n every bank in the United States to the lowest regions of ....;

*A half pint cruet of spirits.

they are a d——d set of shaving mills, and may they shave the heads off every director before they sink."

B. Director.—"Sir, you must know that I am a Director of the Frankfort Bank of Kentucky, and by H———ns if you fling your reflections at me, I'll shave your head as close as you please."

Farmer.—"I'm not casting reflection on any individual; but I say, d—n the directors of every bank that dont keep their credit up, or who suspend specie payments."

B. Director.—"You say you're not casting reflections at me."

Farmer.—"No, I am not; but I have $500 here of the Tennessee money, and now I shall lose every cent of their d—nd trash, and it puts me out of all humor."

B. Director.—"Well, well, that is a hard case to be sure:—landlord give us another tickler—give me your hand, and let us drink friends."

Farmer.—"You say you are a director of a bank; of course you must know more about them than I do: dont you think the whole banking system at present is a d—nd shaving mill."

B. Director.—"If you will leave out the Frankfort, and the United States banks, I will agree with you."

Farmer.—"Has your bank never suspended specie payments."

B. Director.—"Yes, it has; and if it had not, either the bank or the bank's debtors must have been broken up."

Farmer.—"Now I have you by G——; you all make that an excuse, that you cant get your paper in—you suspend specie payment—let your

money get below par—then send out agents to buy up your paper at 8, 10, or 15 per cent discount; and by G—— the whole system from end to one with every d—nd director and their shaving mills ought to be blowed to h°°°."

Here the vociferation became so great that we could not hear distinctly what was said by either, for some time. At length the farmer acknowledged that he was passionate and hasty, had spoke without thinking, and meant no reflections on any one; and calling for another tickler, they shook hands and set down quite cool. After they had both drank and handed their "tickler round to us, the bank director raised up his eyes as if in an act of devotion, and in a loud solemn tone of voice said, "I believe that the government of the United States is a brother to Jesus Christ, and the United States Bank is its *disciple*."

Farmer.—"Give me your hand brother, that is my creed to a tee; but it is the disciple *Judas Iscariot*, that carried the *bag* and betrayed its master."

B. Director.—"The Old Bank I acknowledge was a Judas; but that falling headlong, burst asunder, *and all its bowels gushed out*: the *present* bank is the *beloved* disciple."

Farmer.—"A d—nd lovely disciple it is, by G——, when every mother's son of its branches have started their d—nd shaving mills; and if they are a chip of the old block, I wish the d—l may sweep the whole of them, master and disciple, with the bes m of destruction."

In this strain they continued for an hour—but the subject turned to who was the best democrat; and after rising three or four times to convince

each other by "knock him down arguments," they parted in the best of friendship, with mutual promises of interchanging friendly visits, where each assured the other of a hearty welcome to the best in his house.

I have been informed that the first settlers of this state were but little superior in point of civilization to the savages who preceded them. They are no doubt much more polished than formerly, but there is yet a roughness in the address and demeanour of a large portion of them, that makes a stranger feel uneasy in their presence. This is more particularly the case at the country inns, where neighboring custom is permitted, and where no doubt the worst of the citizens assemble. The place where we lodged the first night we were in this state, was 8 miles on this side of Louisville. It was on Saturday night; and late in the evening, half a dozen neighboring men from a harvest field came in, pretty well tickled already, but who nevertheless drank several "ticklers" while they stayed The conversation and conduct of these men were extremely rough; and by the notice they took of us, we were obliged to join with them as far as prudence would permit, for our own personal safety. Singing, hallooing, dancing, pushing, and tripping, were their pastime; with the most profane swearing imaginable. After selecting matches to play cards the next day, (Sunday,) for the whiskey they would drink through the day, they broke up; and though in a very unceremonious manner, it was much to my satisfaction.

Dear brother, what a picture this is if its application is general; and yet what would a Ken-

tucky traveler have to say of our own country, were he to stop at some of our country taverns, and spend a Saturday night. I fear his description of the state of civilization in the state of Delaware, would be a counterpart to what I have written of Kentucky.

Farewell.

LETTER XIV.

Jacksonville, Ohio, July 9, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER,

We have again got to a country where we breathe the pure exhilarating air of universal freedom, and where all distinctions except those of vice and virtue, are forgotten and unknown.

The farms generally through Kentucky are cleared of dead timber, and have much the appearance of our's in New Castle and Chester Counties, excepting the large barns in our country. Frequently we meet with farm houses built in a style far above simple convenience and rural simplicity. The soil is very good, though in many places much exhausted by continual tillage.—The face of the country is much pitted with limestone sinks, indicating an inexhaustible fund of materials for the renovation of the soil.

This general good appearance of the country is interrupted on Licking creek. In the neighborhood of a little village called Blue Lick, on Licking creek there is a considerable extent of country that is extremely poor, having very little vegetation excepting stinted cedars and laurel. The face of the country is very uneven; the hills very

high and steep, and some of them are piles of stones, with but little earth of any kind on them. This district appears to be more sterile than the Allegany ridges of mountains, without any of their other features.

We crossed the Ohio river at Maysville, a handsome little town on the Kentucky side, on a very uneven narrow bottom, under a high steep bank of the river, supposed to be 500 feet in perpendicular height.

On this side of the river a new road has been cut slantwise up the hill to its top. The side of the road next the hill has in some places been cut down perpendicularly 6 or 8 feet, through a number of horizontal stratas of solid limestone, of different thickness, from 4 inches to several feet. Imbeded in and between these different stratas, are immense quantities of petrified bones and shells of various kinds of sea animals. In some instances these fossil shells appear to have been so nearly dissolved as to unite in one solid body, and only distinguishable by a few faint traces of color and shape; in others again, the shells have retained their entire shape, but with one side so completely identified with the strata of rock with which they are united, as to be traced only by the color. In a number of instances there are detached pieces of rock composed entirely of broken shells cemented together. Some of these are silicious, others carbonate of lime; and near the top of the hill, 500 feet above the bed of the river, there is an infinite number of fossil shells and bones laying loose and separate from the rocks, and intermixed with earth. Over these loose fossils are several strata of solid limestone, which must

have been formed after the animals had decayed to which these bones and shells had belonged. I have selected several specimens* of each of these to carry home, but have to lament that I did not procure some of the branches of trees from Mr. Biggs' wells, on this side of Lebanon, to have completed my collection of subterranean remains of animals and vegetables.

These remnants of marine animals extend down the river to near the western edge of Switzerland county, Indiana, and probably upwards to the Sciota river.

I have been extremely puzzled ever since we got on to the top of the high bank of the river, in trying to find out by what means such inconceivable quantities of marine animals left their native region and deposited themselves in the banks of the Ohio, and became imbeded in solid blocks of limestone. But I think I have got a clue to the mystery, and the first opportunity after I have unraveled it, I will communicate it to you.

The landlord last evening was lamenting the scarcity of laborers in this country, wondering why they prefered staying in the old country, when they could make as plentiful a supply for their families here with the product of three days work, as they could there with six. The standing wages he informed me, was one bushel of corn per day, or its equivalent in cash, or other produce; and for harvesting, or other extraordinary labor, the wages were double. I have no doubt but that a poor family here, by using the same economy and industry required in our coun-

*Some of them may be seen at Ziba Ferris's, Watchmaker, in Wilmington.

try to make a bare subsistence, could, in a few years, enable themselves to purchase a comfortable home.

I wish you would inform some of our sober industrious laborers, of the advantages they might expect from emigrating to the newer parts of this state, or to Indiana: though upon second thought I think we could much better spare the drunken and indolent.

Farewell.

LETTER XV.

*At S***** G****'s, Belmont Co. Ohio, July 15, 1819.*

DEAR BROTHER,

The corn and oats are suffering very much all through the Ohio, for want of rain. In some places the oats is too short to be gathered, and the farmers have turned in their cattle to pasture it. The corn in a number of places is shooting into tassel at two feet in height. The vegetation is suffering most where there is the greatest portion of clay in the soil, and on the hilly ground. These circumstances have more firmly fixed my choice in the sandy prairie land, in the Illinois, where vegetation is scarcely affected by eitheir too great droughts or rains.

At about 16 miles from Chilicothe, on the Maysville road, and near to Paint creek, are a number of large Indian mounds: two of them near the road, we judged to be 20 feet perpendicular height, on a base of 35 or 40 feet diameter. Near these mounds is an Indian fort, or enclosure, containing about 100 acres. It was too late in the evening when we passed these, to examine wheth-

* Probably Samuel Gregg who married Henry Heald's sister (Mary 12-19-1811. P. H.

er the same skill and mathematical knowledge had been displayed in their construction, that we had discovered in the others; but what we saw indicated a very numerous population at the time they were made. A residenter who fell in with us near the place, informed us that at the distance of a mile from the road, there was a mound, the base of which covered nearly 3 acres of ground, and above 40 feet in height. This mound he said differed from the smaller ones, in being composed of clay and soil, thrown on it promiscuously from a number of pits in the neighborhood of it. It was supposed to be a place of general deposit for the dead.

Agreeably to promise, I shall take this opportunity of communicating to you my opinion of the means by which the marine shells and bones became deposited on the banks of the Ohio; and likewise of the formation of the Prairies: premising however, that speculative philosophers are divided into two great parties, with respect to the agent that gave the earth its present appearance. One party has volunteered under the banners of PLUTO; and support their cause at the point of the pen, that subterranean fires, and earthquakes, have heaved the mountains from the bottom of the ocean to their present height—and with them, all the shells and bones of marine animals that are now found on them. The other party take the Trident of NEPTUNE for the sceptre of agency; and defend their cause with the same weapons—that the ocean had produced all these appearances when she nursed the mountains in her parental bosom; and as her offspring came of age she retired, leaving the place of her former resi-

dence to her children and grandchildren, the mountains and forests.

It is a fact established by the concurring testimony of the learned men who have traversed this country in all directions, that these animal remains were once inhabitants of the sea. Travelers inform us likewise, that these remains are found on the Andes, in South America, at the height of 15,000 feet above the present level of the ocean.

Admitting these to be undeniable facts, there is but two ways to account for the appearance of these marine remains at such distances from the ocean. One is, that all the countries where these remains are found, must once have been below the present level of the sea, and must have been elevated to the heights at which we find them, by some great revolution that elevated the former bed of the sea which is now the dry land, and sunk the former dry land so as to become the present bed of the sea. The other is, to admit that the waters of the ocean once covered all the earth to the heights at which we find these sea shells, and has gradually diminished down to its present level. Some circumstances favor one of these opinions, and some the other.

To admit the revolution to have shifted the bed of the ocean, we must suppose a *general derangement of the different stratas of the solid parts of the earth*, from the horizontal position they occupied at the bottom of the sea, to an irregular elevation and depression of these strata proportionate to the specific gravity of their different parts. The stratified layers of sandstone in the mountains, and of limestone between the mountains

and the ocean, strongly indicate a revolution of this kind. The mountains more particularly appear as if they may once have been a level surface—and by an elevation of their eastern sides, or a depression of their western, have formed the pararllel ridges that now compose them. The western sides of some of these ridges are composed of stratas of stone, parallel with the side of the ridge, and at an elevation of about 45 degrees. On the eastern side these stratas terminate abruptly, as if they had been broken off by some great revolution, which separated them from the parts to which they had formerly belonged, and which may have sunk in the adjacent valley. But these apperances entirely vanish on the Ohio river.—*"All of this country from the Tennessee to the St. Lawrence, between the mountains and the Mississippi has for its nucleus an immense stratum of limestone, disposed nearly in a horizontal direction." "In the country about Pittsburg, on the Ohio; in the county of Green Briar, on the Kanhaway; and throughout Kentucky, this fundamental stratum is found on boring." The calcarious regions on each side of the mountains are no doubt of nearly the same age, and are of a much more recent formation than the sandstone or granite on the mountains. But the circumstances of the strata on the east side of the mountains being found at different elevations, from 1 degree to 90, whilst the immense nucleus on which all the country west of the Allegany rests, *is a continuity of horizontal strata*, excepting where it is broken and made bare in the beds of the rivers, shews that some partial revolution

*Geological account of the United States, by J. Mease, M. D.

(probably earthquakes,) may have deranged the continuity of the calcarious strata east of the mountains, without affecting that on the west; and that no such revolution as to raise the western country, and probably the whole continent of America, from the bed of the ocean, did ever take place.

The revolution admitted here is not the Plutonian; but such an one as might be effected, were the solid parts of the earth like a shell or crust, surrounding a fluid within, and so nearly balanced on all sides, that a small accumulation of weightier materials on the dry land might depress it below the bed of the ocean, and the lighter parts under the sea rise at the same time, to make sufficient room for the enclosed fluid.

The great objection to the second method of accounting for the appearance of these marine substances on the dry land and at such elevations, is, what has become of all the water that must have disappeared in the diminution of the sea—since "matter can neither be increased nor diminished?" Chemistry will aid us in obviating this difficulty. In the growth and decay of all organic bodies, there is a decomposition of water into its constituent elements; one part combining with the bodies, and the other escaping in the form of gas. The exact proportion between the weight of the organic body in its growth, and the water it decomposes, has never been ascertained; but probably the water exceeds that of the body decomposing it. In the putrefaction of animals and vegetables, moisture is always necessary; and during the process another portion of water is decomposed, probably equal in weight to one eighth

of the decaying substance.

From these different processes it is easy to conceive a rapid increase of the solid parts of the earth, and an equal diminution of the waters, without either increasing or diminishing the quantity of matter contained in the globe.

As there is no process known, either naturally or artificially, by which the constituent parts of water can be reunited into its proper form of water, but by combustion, it follows of course, that a diminution of water is a constant operation in nature, which the science of chemistry would finally have discovered, even if no traces of the sea had ever been left on the land.

These things being premised and understood, you can easily imagine the means by which these marine bodies came to be deposited on the banks of the Ohio.

The history and tradition of all nations concur in establishing the fact, that this earth was once entirely covered with water. Whether this testimony originated in the first observers of these marine bodies, long after the event—or whether it has been handed down from father to son, by those who were witnesses to it, is to us uncertain. It is nevertheless a fact which no traveler can dispute.

Commencing at the time in which the dry land first began to appear above the water, we will trace the diminution of the water in its most marked changes, down to its present level, and by that means arrive at a probable conjecture of the formation of prairies and alluvion bottoms in the western countries.

Admitting the earth to have always had its di-

urnal motion, the rarefaction of the air by the sun between the tropics must have caused a strong current of the air following the apparent motion of the sun, or from east to west. This current of air acting on the waters of the ocean must have caused a corresponding motion or current in the waters, similar to the present gulf stream: this taking place at the time when the mountains first shewed their heads above the waters on the continent of America, would cause either an accumulation of water on the eastern side of South America, or give it a direction south west or north west, according to the direction of the land that should oppose it. Now if you will examine the map of the world, you will find that this current would get a direction north westwardly by the mountains in Brasil in south latitude 7°, and passing over Guyana and the Caraccas country, would enter the Caribean Sea and Gulf of Mexico with an inclination a little more northerly—thence it would take the vale of the Mississippi, with the curvature of the opposing land giving it a direction still more to the right. We may now consider it as entering a channel with solid banks, having the Stony Mountains on the west and the Allegany on the east. But these mountains diverging as the current proceeded, would lessen its rapidity, and consequently whatever materials the stronger current would gather in its progress against the opposing banks that turned it from its first westerly course, would be deposited here.—We accordingly find, that as the vale of the Mississippi widens in going northwardly, the land rises. The regularity of the hills in the western country, particularly the knobs in the Indiana,

demonstrate that their formation was by a current of water, with numberless eddies on the eastern side of these elevations. Our supposed current after passing the western extremity of the Cumberland ridge of mountains, would get a direction north eastwardly on the east side of it, being drawn by the direction of the Allegany mountain, would pass off through the Lakes, and the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, and enter the main ocean at the mouth of the gulf, north of the Island of Newfoundland. The western side of our current would either lose itself in the wide extended vale of the Mississippi, or, which is more probable, continue up the bed of that river and discharge itself into the ocean, through Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits.

When it is considered that the banks of our current at their termination near the Gulf of Mexico are but about 500 miles apart, and diverge at an angle of about 35 degress, we must admit either a gradual diminution of the velocity of the current, or a division of it into two branches, with numberless eddies between them; either of which would have similar effects in depositing the materials that the current may have brought with it.

If rounded smooth pebbles and small stones are what they are generally called, "water worn," the whole of the prairie soil rests immediately on these pebbles, and is an additional proof of the existence of our supposed current.

If the diminution of the waters of the ocean are gradual and continual, we may form a conjecture of the comparative length of time our current has had to deposit the materials it brought

with it, by the depth of its channel, compared with the highest part of this channel above the present level of the sea. The ridge of the Allegany mountains will average 3500 feet above the level of the sea, and the Table Land that divides the head waters of Lakes Erie and Michigan from those that empty into the Mississippi, is about 950 feet—which would make the space of time for our current to have vent through this channel, two and a half times as long as the time since the channel became dry.

From the time the sea had diminished down to a level with this Table Land, and our current was forced to seek its passage east of the Allegany, there was a long space of time in which the bason of the Mississippi was covered with water that had no motion, only as it was agitated with the winds: this agitation would cause the lighter earths (the present alluvion soil) to be partially suspended in the water, and as the waters retired these earths would settle in the deeper parts and leave the surface nearly level.

Excuse this imperfect sketch—it is a new hypothesis, but I believe it is the only one that can account for all the phenomena.

Hypothesis' before they are adopted, lead to an inquiry into the truth of the facts which support them, and thereby add to our stock of knowledge.

Hoping that this will excite you to a further inquiry into the geography and physical construction of our country, I will bid you

Farewell.

APOLOGY.

Apologies at table have become so common, that perhaps my guests may think they are not treated respectfully, should I let them rise from this treat without one—and as it may happen that the apology may be better than the fare, I will give it at the last by way of desert. The viands are good, but may have been spoiled in cooking, and as the price of the entertainment would not admit of a full meal on each dish, I have spread my table like that of a western hotel—*full of dishes, and a slice on each.*

Had it been my intention when I started on my route, to have published an account of it, I would have had all the interesting matter entered on our Journal, on the spot, and that would have been the channel of information. But at the solicitation of some of my friends, to publish my observations through these countries, as adding some little to the stock of information already obtained, I have chosen these letters in preference to our imperfect Journal, as containing the same information dressed up in a different style, with occasionally some subjects which circumstances suggested to my mind, more interesting to the generality of readers, than a dry narrative of where we lodged and what we eat.

Before I take my final leave, I have to remark that in my letter from Harmony, I treated the Harmonites with a levity which their religious tenets *alone* had inspired me; but upon information in Vincennes, respecting them and the Shakers, I learned that though parts of their *practi-*

cal religion are revolting to human nature, their political economy, industry, and sobriety, are well worthy the imitation of thousands who profess to hold them in contempt.

And with respect to the tables giving a comparative view of the face of the country and soil through the state of Ohio, my standard of comparison of the soil was taken from the quality and growth of timber on the ground: that which would barely produce vegetation is estimated at 1 on the scale, and that with the most luxuriant growth at 5. And for the face of the country I imagined the Allegany mountain to be be divided into 12 equal parts in its perpendicular height—and have placed under the article Hill, the number of those parts which I supposed the neighboring hills would average.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 5, line 6, after represent-, add ing.
22, 1, for singular, read circular.

J. Wilson, Printer, No. 105, Market Street, Wilmington.

Poor House October 26 1824

Friend Bailey will please to send by the bearers one or two young Turkeys if they are fat and to be spared for which I will pay you the first opportunity

H Heald. O.P.

The above named Poor House was situated on a hill west of Wilmington, Del., now Broome St., betw. 2d & 3d Streets of that City. He was a fine Mathematician, Inventor of an excellent Spinning Wheel, which he and his brothers Samuel & Harmon manufactured in Alexandria, Va. & in S.C. & Ga.—

(Signature of the author of this book)
— Dr. Pusey Heald. —

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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